

TIME

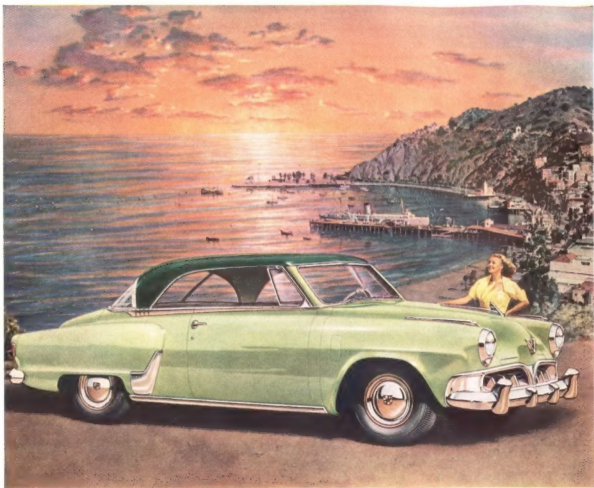
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chelapin

ILLINOIS' GOVERNOR STEVENSON

Investing an inheritance in politics.



New Starliner "hard-top" convertible, Commander V-8 shown—Champion available. Wheel discs optional at extra cost—decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

*Announcing
the newest of the new for '52*

NEW 1952 STUDEBAKER

A NEW 120-HORSEPOWER COMMANDER V-8

A NEW CHAMPION IN THE LOW PRICE FIELD

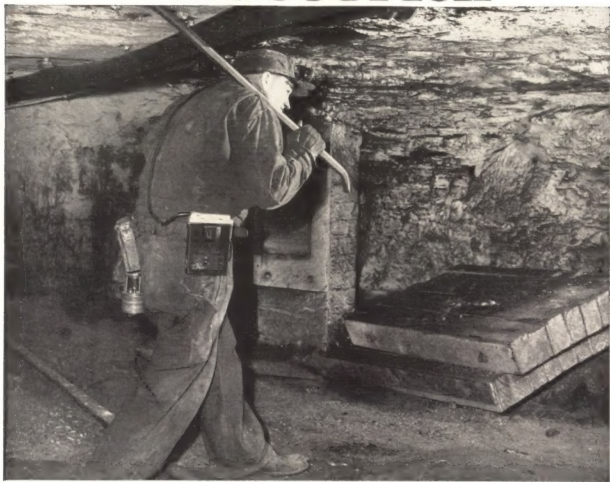
NOW READY for you in refreshingly distinctive new beauty—the brilliant-performing Studebaker Commander V-8—the sprightly Studebaker Champion.

Vigorously sleek in every line—and impressively proportioned—these sparkling 1952 creations conform faithfully to the

long established and unchanging Studebaker standards of designing for easy handling, easy maneuvering, easy parking, exceptional gasoline economy.

Stop in and see these wonder cars—newest of the new for '52—now on view for you at a nearby Studebaker showroom.

B.F. Goodrich



Three inches from a stroke of lightning

Story of a product improvement—what will Koroseal do next?

AFTER electric locomotives replaced the old mine mule, miners often touched the overhead trolley wire with their heads, or with metal tools. It was a painful jolt, sometimes killed a man.

Clumsy, expensive wood guards were placed around the electric wires. But damp wood rotted and could still transmit a dangerous shock. Now a U-shape shield of Koroseal flexible material is used and accidents are prevented. Koroseal, not affected by mine dampness, lasts for years and is an excellent electrical insulator.

What will Koroseal do next? You businessmen with product problems

can probably think of even more ways to use it than we can.

Koroseal flexible material can be made in dozens—even hundreds—of forms: sheets, films, coatings, tubes or other shapes; any thickness or size; can be laminated to paper, cloth, foil; may have a high-gloss finish or pattern or "grain". Can be sealed with heat.

In most forms it even resists flame—will burn only while actually held in flame, goes out when flame is removed.

It's waterproof, easy to clean in furniture upholstery, bus seats, truck or car seats. Fresh dirt comes off with a

swish of a damp cloth. Or you can use soap and water as often as you wish. It's nearly scuffproof, looks like new long after others would be scratched and worn.

Current supplies are limited, but we invite inquiries from businessmen planning for the future. We'll tell you frankly what experience we have had in your field, and send samples for test or experiment if necessary. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Koroseal Sales Department, Marietta, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Trade Mark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

B.F. Goodrich
Koroseal Flexible Materials

Look what you can get when you



WE'LL admit it took some doing, because we set our target high.

Months ago, we called our gang together — project engineers, design engineers, production men—experts on everything from combustion and acoustics to styling and interior trim.

And the assignment handed out was something to make even tough-minded veterans bat a startled eye.

For 1952, we told them, we wanted the finest Buicks ever built. But we didn't stop with that. We spelled it out in six specific "musts," with special emphasis on ROADMASTER. And when you view the results, we think you'll share our surprise at the magnificent job that's been done — especially in times like these. Here's the list:

"Must" No. 1: More power—more miles per gallon.

"Must" No. 2: Brakes worthy of this upsurge in power.

"Must" No. 3: Interiors finished with fabrics and fitments superlative in quality and impeccable in taste.

"Must" No. 4: A ride supremely poised and level.

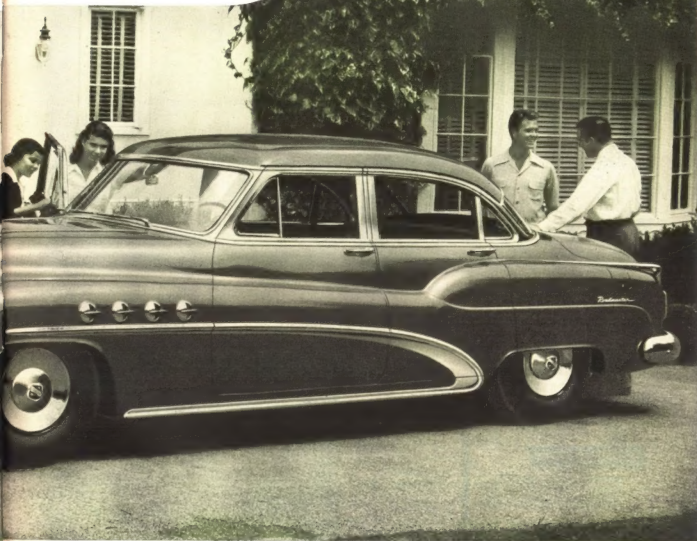
"Must" No. 5: Silence.

"Must" No. 6: Power Steering® as it really ought to be.



We got them all — the highest horsepower in Buick history — the biggest brakes ever used in a postwar Buick — interiors that are a symphony of style and color and richness — a ride that represents a cumulative million dollars' worth of research, design, engineering and construction—a hush so complete that you can speak in whispers — and Power Steering that lets you feel control, but works like a "helping hand" in slow-motion maneuvers.

ask for it right



But no list of "musts" can describe to you what a gallant, gorgeous and graceful carrier of high-powered energy this newest of Buicks turned out to be.

You need to see and savor that for yourself, and your Buick dealer will be proud to do the honors.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

*Available on ROADMASTER at a moderate extra cost.

Sure is true for '52

*When better automobiles
are built*

BUICK
will build them



Need something in a hurry—materials—parts—equipment? Reach all possible sources quickly, economically, with Telegrams.

For any business purpose
**A TELEGRAM
DOES THE JOB
BETTER**



PLEASE SHIP FASTEST WAY THIRTY CABINETS DESCRIBED YOUR TELEGRAM JANUARY THIRD. TELEGRAPH US DATE YOU CAN PROMISE DELIVERY CHICAGO.



ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR NIGHT LETTER OF YESTERDAY ORDERING ONE MODEL TEN SIXTY THREE X-RAY INSTALLATION. YOUR VALUED ORDER ACCEPTED FOR SHIPMENT TO YOU BY FEBRUARY SIXTH.

**Bigger
Value!**

In Telegrams now—Through liberal new word allowances and 40% slash in Excise Tax. More Words for Less Money!



LETTERS

Correction

SIR: IN THE STORY ON SALESMAN FRED WARD OF DENVER IN THE JAN. 21 ISSUE, TIME ERRED IN SAYING THAT THE J. K. MULLEN INVESTMENT CO. "TUMBLED INTO RECEIVERSHIP." IT WAS THE MULLEN CO. WHICH FILED THE BANKRUPTCY PETITION AGAINST FRED WARD. THE MULLEN CO. DID NOT GO INTO RECEIVERSHIP AND IS COMPLETELY SOUND.

FRANCIS RONALDS

TIME, INC.
DENVER

Man of the Year

SIR: In choosing your Man of the Year, Mohammed Mossadeq, the Premier of Iran, you have stirred up a lot of trouble for yourself, and as a subscriber I am disgusted and thought you had better sense. This radical and troublemaker has caused more harm in 1951 than any other known person—to himself, his country, and the peace of the world . . .

HUGH M. SCOTT

Montreal, Canada

SIR: . . . Even Franchot Tone would have been a happier selection.

FREDERICK W. PEDERSON

La Crosse, Wis.

SIR: Congratulations . . . Certainly no other individual better symbolizes the conflict between East and West than does Mossadeq, and no other man poses such a frightening moral challenge to the Western world . . .

ALAN W. SPEARMAN JR.

Birmingham, Ala.

SIR: You have insulted your readers. Who among you was the Mad Hatter who was responsible for this tricky treachery! Or has the choosing of the Man of the Year become a frivolous, foolish, fantastic game indulged in by your irresponsibles? . . .

GORDON FERRIE HULL

Hanover, N.H.

Q Time's Man of the Year is neither the winner of a popularity contest nor necessarily a great or good man, but one who has "done the most to change

the news for better or for worse." As TIME's story said, this man in 1951, "sad to relate," was Premier Mossadeq.—Ed.

Not in Bitterness . . .

SIR:

On Sunday, Dec. 30, a pilot of an Air Force transport gambled 28 lives, including his own and the lives of 19 West Point cadets, against a few hours of flying time, and lost when his C-47 crashed in the mountains northeast of Phoenix, Ariz. Within 24 hours the weather had cleared . . . This was only one of a long succession of Air Force crashes attributed, at least by newspaper reports, to flying in bad weather . . .

My son, William F. Sharp, was one of the cadets killed in that Sunday crash, and there is a question that I am entitled to ask the Air Force—not in bitterness, but in the hope that an honest answer may prevent a continuation of this utterly pointless loss of lives . . . The question is: At the present time, within the continental limits of the U.S., in the absence of any national emergency, can there be any reason that can justify the flight of Air Force transports under weather conditions that threaten disaster to their passengers, when a few hours' delay in flying time would provide safety?

Can it be that because Government planes and servicemen are expendable, the Air Force has drifted into a practice which counts the uninterrupted accomplishment of domestic often unimportant flying missions as more important than the lives of men who fly in planes? . . .

ROBERT SHARP

Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)

Los Altos, Calif.

Mr. Pauley's Statement

SIR:

Re your statement which appeared in the Dec. 24 issue: "Charles Oliphant" had flown to the Kentucky Derby in the plane of Edwin Pauley, the California oilman, who also was the defendant in a tax case."

This is to advise you that I am not a defendant in a tax case, criminal or civil, and I have never had a tax case before any court, criminal or civil. My tax problems have been confined to those that would confront the ordinary businessman of equal financial circumstances, and I have not asked Mr.

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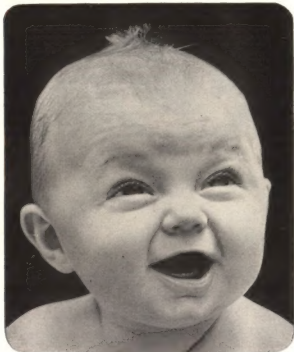
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TIME
January 28, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 4

TIME, JANUARY 28, 1952



1. Cute Baby

This is Betsy Helveston as she appeared in a telephone advertisement in 1940.

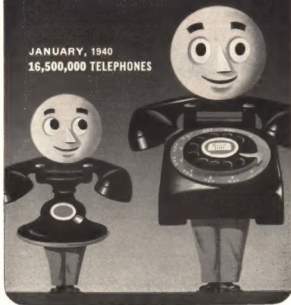


2. Big Girl Now

Here's Betsy as she is today. She's grown a lot and changed a lot in the last twelve years.

JANUARY, 1952
37,300,000 TELEPHONES

JANUARY, 1940
16,500,000 TELEPHONES



3. He's Bigger Too

In the last twelve years, the number of Bell telephones has been increased from 16,500,000 to 37,300,000.

We've Been Growing Along With Betsy

While Betsy has been growing up, the telephone system has been growing too.

The figures are impressive. But far more important is what they mean in service to the people of this Nation.

Millions who never had telephones before now have them because the Bell System has added nearly 21,000,000 new telephones since January, 1940.

Business and industry are better able to serve the country because there are now more than three times as many Long Distance circuits.

The new coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system not only means better Long Distance service but also brings Television to millions more people.

Above all is the value of good telephone service to the productive capacity and security of the country. Nothing is more important to defense than quick, reliable communication.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TO INTRODUCE THESE DISTINGUISHED RECORDINGS OF "200 YEARS OF AMERICAN MUSIC" THE AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY OFFERS YOU ...

One of these superb 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm 10-inch
Long-Playing Unbreakable Records

(Prepared by the non-profit Ditson Musical Foundation)

Regularly \$4³⁵ **\$1⁰⁰**

YOUR
FOR ONLY

"INDIAN SUITE"

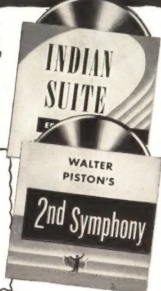
By Edward MacDowell

Ever since its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1896 this lovely and melodious suite has been a great concert hall favorite throughout the world. Each of the fascinating five sections is based on genuine Indian themes—legends, festivals, war dances, romances and sorrow. 10" A.R.S. recording.

"2nd SYMPHONY"

By Walter Piston

Composed in 1943, performed by the Boston Symphony, NBC Symphony, N.Y. Philharmonic, Philadelphia Symphony and other leading orchestras—winner of the New York Music Critics Circle Award in 1944-45, this richly rhythmic score has won international fame for its composer. 10" A.R.S. recording.



SINCE the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world—a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is American music—and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music for the past 200 years! In all the great concert halls the most famous orchestras, conductors, soloists, chamber groups are performing this music for delighted audiences.

And now an outstanding non-profit institution has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program—symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music... music of America at work and at play; music of America growing, laughing... music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently, the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant to create the non-profit Ditson Musical Foundation, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records.

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. Because the Ditson Musical Foundation made its recordings available at cost to the American Recording Society (sole distributing agent for the Foundation's

records) they are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only \$4.35 for 10" records, and \$4.95 for 12" records. The American Recording Society Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available conductors and artists, and all recordings are made with the latest high-fidelity equipment, and pressed directly from a limited number of silver-sputtered masters.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of either of the Long-Playing records offered above for only \$1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an American Recording Society recording by a famous American composer, at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you need merely return the form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular Club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. However, because the number of records which can be pressed from silver-sputtered masters is necessarily limited, we urge you to mail the coupon at once!

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THE AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Dept. 733

100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

☐ "INDIAN SUITE", by MacDowell

☐ "2nd SYMPHONY", by Piston

(Check one)

Please send me the record checked above, for which I enclose \$1.00 as full payment. As an Associate Member in the American Recording Society, I will receive the Society's publication which will give me advance notice of each new monthly Society Long-Playing record. I am entitled to purchase at the special Membership price of only \$4.35 for 10" records, \$4.95 for 12" records plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. However, I may decline to purchase any of all Society records offered to me. With each two records I do purchase, you will send me an additional record **ABSOLUTELY FREE**.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....

State.....

Canadian Address: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

Oliphant or any other person in the Internal Revenue Department for any favors at any time ...

EDWIN W. PAULEY

Los Angeles

TIME erred in using the word "defendant." Chief Counsel Oliphant's testimony before the congressional investigating committee was: "Mr. Pauley now has before the bureau a case involving \$13,000."—Ed.

Bigotry in Bogotá?

Sir:

I wish to commend you... for your courage and honesty in printing the report of atrocities perpetrated upon American missionaries and evangelical believers in Colombia [TIME, Jan. 7]... We see so much of propaganda news to build up favorable sentiment to the Roman hierarchy, but what is going on in Italy, Spain, Colombia, Brazil, Venezuela and Mexico... is carefully kept out of U.S. newspapers...

Cicero, Ill.

V. J. VITA

Sir:

Protestants seem to feel they are the mother of freedom of interpretation of religion, and are doing an enormous job in delivering worthless brats. Chief offenders are the Baptists and Methodists, who insist on being "martyred" in Catholic countries while they practice anti-Catholicism daily in our "democratic" South... These pesty Baptists and friends will force their way to Colombia, Mexico, and even on the Pope's front lawn with the effrontery of troublemakers rather than the bearers of the Word of Peace. Is bigotry a one-way affair?

Westbury, N.Y.

M. J. SMITH

The Play's the Thing

Sir:

Your Dec. 17 account of the non-playing captainship of Mr. Frank Shields during the recent lawn tennis matches in Australia gave me much pleasure. I have long been accustomed to expect the more brilliant gambits from the younger people, and the junior nations.

In retirement, my function now is to keep Gamesmanship from wandering from its basic principles, and may I therefore remind your Sport Editor that the suggestion that "the final score is the proof of the gambit" is a deviation from the Gamesmanship line?

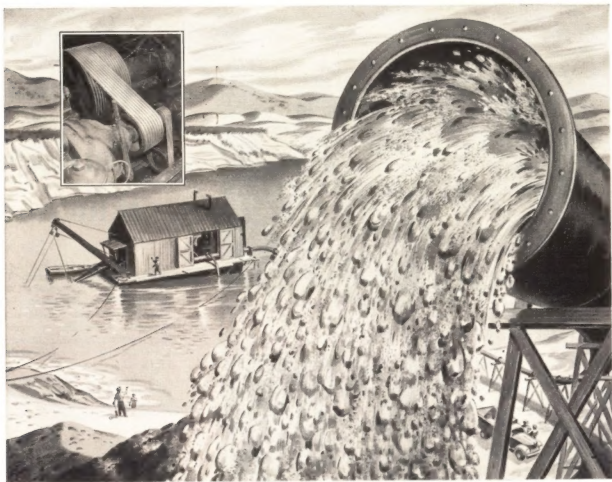
It is the final state of one-upness which counts; and Losemanship shows how this can be achieved... Savitt was beaten by Sedgman. Mr. Shields should have drawn attention to the inexplicable speed of this phenomenon (8 minutes)... Surely the only explanation of the collapse of the one living exponent of the Tilden backhand must have been due (Shields should have said) to the "unfortunate atmosphere" and the "definite tension." These of course were fostered by the typical non-playing criticism, from the stands, of non-playing Captain Shields, who complained of the non-giving of a foot-fault against Seixas... To make sure that tie point was rammed home, Savitt could have made a special statement to the press that he had been "fairly and squarely beaten."

STEPHEN POTTER

London, England

TO Author Potter, discoverer of Gamesmanship,* TIME's thanks for his authoritative analysis of Davis Cup-manship.—Ed.

* The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship, or The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating—TIME, Sept. 6, 1948.



The boat that makes its own lake

This boat always moves toward shore—but never reaches it. For this is a floating dredge, that chews sand and gravel from the shore in 2-ton-a-minute gulps. As the shore is swallowed, the lake gets larger.

The growing lake posed a tough problem for the dredge operators—the distance from dredge to gravel plant also kept growing. And that required more power to pump the gravel to the plant. The dredge's twin diesels had enough reserve power, but using it meant adding 8 more belts to

the pump drive—and there was no room for pulleys with more grooves! Rebuilding the entire dredge seemed the only solution.

Then the Dayton Distributor suggested using Dayton Cog-Belts.* Now the same number of belts carry 48

more horsepower—and the growing lake is no longer a problem!

For full facts on how the Dayton Cog-Belt or Dayton Thorobred V-Belt solves tough power problems, call the Dayton Distributor. Or write: The Dayton Rubber Co., Dayton 1, Ohio.

*T.M.

Dayton Rubber

Since 1905

World's largest manufacturer of V-Belts

DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY, DAYTON 1, OHIO



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for industry, railroads,
automobiles, farm and home.



DAYCO ROLLERS
and Offset Blankets for
the printing industry.



TEXTILE PRODUCTS
for spinning and weaving
natural and synthetic fibers.



KOOLFOAM
foam latex pillows
and mattresses.



TIRES
for passenger cars,
trucks and buses.



THE OLDTIME DOCTOR fought disease and ignorance and dirt—and spent his nights on the country roads, going lickety-split to the patient, and at a drowsy jog on the way home.

TODAY'S PATIENT can be reached swiftly: the American Road brings the doctor to every door in the land. To be an American is to be within reach of the miracles of medicine.



THE AMERICAN

The doctor if he had a

Hardly a soul went out at night in those times; the doctor was pretty lonesome jogging through the moonlit countryside. The roads were few and the road-signs were fewer. But everyone knew that travel was slow and difficult—that was one of the facts of life at the turn of the century.

So when the panting messenger rolled off the foam-flecked horse, the doctor's first question was: "How far?" The doctor had to decide whether to "touch harness," for a trip into the country meant horse-and-buggy travel. But he got there somehow, at a pace as high as seven miles an hour—for this was before Henry Ford.

The doctor's buggy carried a snow-shovel, a whip, and wire-cutters, so that he could clip a passage through snow-drifted farm fences. Often the doctor had "kitchen surgery" to do, using only a local anesthetic and depending on speed to take the place of sterility.

That was a hard cruel time, for sick people, for emergency cases. But in his little machine-shop in Detroit, Henry Ford was hard at work—and in a few years the famous Model T was gallantly jouncing to the rescue a thousand thousand times.

Today nearly every one of the 200,000 U. S. physicians uses the automobile and thousands of visiting nurses depend on the car. More than 28,000 motor ambulances stand ready to bring patients to our 6,430 hospitals.

There are 50 percent more hospitals



Ford Motor

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS

ROAD—II



came in time good horse

now than at the turn of the century, and hospital bed-capacity has more than tripled. Almost every automobile is an ambulance at some time, it seems, taking the doctor to you, or you to the doctor.

The automobile brought about more and more roads, until today the American Road is 3,322,000 miles long. All the people concerned with health depend on that road—and on the automobile which brought it into being.

Ford Motor Company believes that the American Road is more than miles of pavement and stopsigns and overpasses; we believe that it represents the endless American drive toward a free and happy tomorrow. And we have faith that the American Road will carry us all triumphantly beyond the roadblocks of our time into a future of progress and peace.



ABOVE ALL, the doctor brought the little black bag that was such frail armament against the dread scourges of that time.

SUPERMODERN HOSPITALS, such as this one in Brooklyn, are designed for sunlight and storked with wonder drugs that help today's doctor.

Company

FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



BROOKLYN VETERANS HOSPITAL,
DESIGNED BY GILDMORE, SWINNEY & MERRILL



How to make a suit jacket suitable

UNSEEN AND OFTEN UNSUNG—but very important to your personal appearance—that's your rayon coat lining! Without it the smartest tailoring job would refuse to drape properly . . . seams would give up faster . . . suit wear would be accelerated.

So let's take it out from under and see what makes this suit essential tick.

First of all—why *rayon* suit lining? A short consideration of the job a lining must perform will answer that. It must withstand constant rubbing against starched shirts. Here, of course, man-made rayon is tops. Then, too, rayon's smooth-surfaced fibers make it easy to slip the coat on and off. Because rayon can be lastingly dyed, and made strongly resistant to shrinkage and perspiration, it generally outlasts the rest of your suit.

Present day linings are the result of many years of cooperation between Avisco experts and textile manufacturers. How successful have they been? Just try finding a suit without a rayon lining! American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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PUBLISHER

James A. Luce

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

On April 3, Harcourt, Brace & Co. will publish the first 25,000 copies of *They Went To College*, TIME's book about the most influential body of people in the world: the U.S. college graduates.

TIME's interest in the subject stems naturally from the fact that 77% of our subscribers are college-trained, and from the desire to know more about the group from which such a large segment of our readers is drawn. Naturally

enough, we learned several things that concern the other 23% as well. Many college graduates, for instance, are convinced that their period of schooling could have been spent more profitably in gaining practical experience.

The book describes what has happened to 9,064 graduates of more than 1,000 colleges, quoting generously from their letters, organizing the results of a detailed survey and presenting a mass biography of the whole group.

In *They Went To College*, all graduates will find a kind of portrait of themselves, and college students may get a glimpse of what is to come. The book will be especially valuable for parents who are trying to decide whether to send their children to college, or what kind of college to send them to. Educators will discover how their graduates made out, whether or not their former students would go to college or to the same college if they were starting again, and what they think is wrong with the colleges they attended and the courses they took.

A predecessor survey was conducted by TIME in 1940, and was published in 1941 as *The U.S. College Graduate*. The statistics we gathered then—on age, sex, earnings, family status and occupation—only served to whet our curiosity further about the nation's 2,700,000 graduates (4,700,000 by the time of our new study). We said then it was "a beginning to a larger continuing examination of the function of higher education in the workings of a democracy." After World War II, with enrollment of veterans swamping registrars, and with unprecedented numbers of our college-age population attending college, we felt the time had come to repeat the study.

In 1947 we asked college presidents

what they wanted most to know about their graduates. They sent in more than 800 suggestions, most of which boiled down to two main questions: 1) does a course designed specifically for job preparation help more in later life than a liberal arts education? and 2) to what extent are graduates participating in community affairs? After a committee of experts had framed questions to bring out the answers to these and other points, we prepared a 13-page questionnaire and mailed it to graduates from the octogenarian class of 1884 to the fledgling class of 1947.

When I mentioned the project in this space four years ago, we had just begun the first rough compilation of results. We realized then that the really important statistical job of weighing one factor against another—of correlating earnings with age, or with religion, for instance—still lay ahead of us. To do that, we turned all our figures over to Dr. Robert Merton of the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research.

Under his direction, Mrs. Patricia Salter West spent almost two years on this part of the study. Working with 90,640 I.B.M. cards, running and re-running them through machines, she consolidated the information into a book which became her doctoral thesis.

Her findings were then turned over to Ernest Havemann, former TIME editor now with LIFE, whose often-demonstrated ability to "humanize" statistics made him a logical choice. While Havemann was writing the book, it was being checked, chapter by chapter, by Drs. Merton and West. Havemann had a field day, comparing the accepted myths (which he termed the "folklore") about college graduates with the facts revealed by the study.

Later on, I plan to tell you more about the book and its contents, the things that surprised us and those that verified our earlier opinions.

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce



ERNEST HAVEMANN
Fact & Folklore.





"LOOK, DAD...THAT'S MY NAME!"

"YOU'RE doing fine on your spelling, Chuck—but I can see I'm not doing so well on my resolution to keep my matches in a safe place. That's one thing children should *never* play with!"

It only takes one slip-up to cause a fire. And if fire should strike, that certainly isn't the time to discover that you've also neglected your fire insurance!

Wouldn't *now* be a good time to make sure you're carrying *adequate* fire and extended coverage insurance on your home and other properties... with a nationally recognized, dependable organization?

Ask your capable, friendly Hardware Mutuals representative to analyze your needs and recommend adequate coverage in line with today's high replacement costs. And speaking of cost, ask him about the \$100,000,000 in dividends which we have returned to policyholders since organization!

Hardware Mutuals *policy back of the policy*[®] assures you prompt, fair claim handling—fast, nationwide, day-and-night service—and financial stability.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Ultimatum?

The U.S., greatly helped by the Churchill mission, has reached with its U.N. partners in the Korean war an agreement in principle that may be a solution to the Communists' campaign of conquest in Asia. Its gist: if the Communists, after settling for a truce in Korea, begin a new aggression, the U.N. should try to punish Red China by some means more effective than merely picking up the Korean war where it was left off. The plan is to put the decision in the form of a warning, or ultimatum, to be proclaimed through the U.N. when and if a Korean armistice is signed.

The ultimatum plan lies behind the hints of retaliation against Red China publicly voiced by Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden. It is the outcome of the U.S. National Security Council's recommendation on how the U.S. should conduct the war in the Far East from now on (TIME, Jan. 14). The U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff are, in fact, broadening the proposal: it holds that an air and sea attack on Red China should be launched not only in the event of renewed aggression in Korea, but also in the event of a Chinese Communist move against Indo-China, Burma or any other sector of Southeast Asia.

Strategic Initiative. This plan is not necessarily an "expansion" or "extension" of the U.S. armed commitment in Asia. It can be just the opposite. Holding the war to the narrow limits of the Korean peninsula has strained U.S. naval and strategic air power by giving it a task for which it was not designed. Last week the U.S.A.F.'s Major General Roger M. Ramey, operations chief of the Air Force general staff, said: "It is the Yalu River which has forced upon [us] an air war that is predominantly tactical. Less than 3% of the entire Far East Air Forces' effort [was] required to paralyze North Korean industry by neutralizing 18 strategic targets."

The other 97% of U.S. bombing effort is actually used to fight war on the ground. The ground war has no strategic objective. U.N. commanders would just as soon be

where they are as to be 50 or 100 miles farther north. Destruction of the Chinese army in Korea is not possible unless U.N. strength in Korea is built far above its present level. Air power is largely wasted if its mission is merely to help an army which has no specific goal.

The unfruitful task now performed by

MIGs, the U.N. would need no more planes than are now available in the Far East in the Air Force and in the fleet.

The new strategic plan might have a further effect. If it failed to persuade the Chinese Communists that aggression does not pay, and if they managed to mount overwhelming ground forces in Korea,

U.N. troops could be withdrawn. Instead of fighting on the enemy's terms, with the weapon of his own choice (mass manpower), the U.N. would rely on its naval and air advantage to set back Communist China's dream of power through consolidation and industrialization. Faced with that threat, Red China's masters might be induced to keep the peace.

Give & Take

The free world may at times forget it, but the Communists have proclaimed,* and tirelessly pursue, the tactics of exploiting differences among the non-Communist nations. In one area, they have been notably unsuccessful; Anglo-American unity, the rock on which the free world's alliance must stand, is not vulnerable to such tactics. Nevertheless, during the period of the Labor government, some serious cleavages did show themselves in dealings between Britain and

the U.S. The important overall achievement of Winston Churchill's mission to Washington was to arrest and reverse the process of rift.

Specifically, in five meetings of their own, plus numerous supplementary parleys between their aides, Churchill and Truman gave & took as follows:

Red China. Most nettlesome difference concerned Communist China, which London recognized in January 1950, though Peking has never returned the compliment. In general, British public opinion has favored a soft approach to the Peking regime; it stridently opposed Douglas MacArthur's proposals to punish the Chinese Communists for their aggression in Korea, and it seemed not to approve of

Air Force and Navy units is costly out of all proportion to any results that can be hoped for. The U.S. and its allies, by strictly limiting their attack to Korea, tell the enemy where they will strike and invite him to concentrate air and anti-aircraft defense against them. What's more, the area attacked contains scarcely anything that contributes to the Red air power—such as plane factories, fields, air supply dumps.

Deterring Aggression. Bringing the U.N. air and sea attack to the China mainland would give Air Force and Navy the strategic goals for which they are designed. It might disorganize Red China's industries and communications, notably coastal shipping. It would certainly compel the Reds to spread their defensive air power thinly up & down the 2,500 miles of Chinese territory. Unless the Reds brought in from Russia another 1,000 or more



Jim Berryman—Washington Star

"FAIR DEAL"
A drift reversed.

* Particularly, in Moscow's white paper of 1949, a directive for undermining the North Atlantic defense organization.

U.S. support for Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. Churchill's speech before Congress (see below) put a sharp new firmness in the British outlook. By praising the U.S. stand in Korea and Formosa, by promising "increasing harmony" in the Anglo-American Far Eastern policy, and finally by warning the Communists of "prompt, resolute and effective" retaliation should a Korean truce be broken, the Prime Minister brought Washington and London into dramatic, forceful alignment. It was a bold gesture of leadership that he would have to defend before Parliament.

Raw Materials. Truman and Churchill agreed on an exchange of U.S. steel for Malayan tin (see BUSINESS).

NATO Naval Chief. Churchill, when still in opposition to the Labor government, had worked up British pride against an American as supreme naval commander for NATO. In his last session with Truman, the former Naval Person hammered out a compromise: the U.S. will have NATO's top naval post after all (to go to the Atlantic Fleet's chief, Admiral Lynde D. McCormick), but the British Admiralty will have independent command of all waters within the 100-fathom line around the United Kingdom. This would keep

NATO's control 40 to 100 miles off the British shore.

Atomic Bombing. Britons, who have voiced concern lest a headstrong U.S. use its air bases in England for atomic bomb flights against Russia, were pleased by a Truman pledge: the U.S. will not use the bases for A-bombings without consultation and approval by the British.

Atomic Data. There has been a stultifying deadlock in the exchange of atomic information between the two countries ever since the Klaus Fuchs spy case. Churchill and Truman agreed that scientific experts should study ways & means of ending the impasse.

European Unity. Britain has been blamed as the sluggard who has refused to join, and thereby weakened hope of, a West European army and federation, projects high on the list of U.S. foreign policy. Churchill cleared the air on the issue by putting his government squarely behind West Europe's unity, but only as an ally and not as a member.

Unresolved issues remained. In return for British recognition that the U.S. carries the main responsibility in the Far East, Churchill would like to get reciprocal U.S. support for British leadership in

the Middle East. To Churchill's surprising suggestion that U.S. troops might share the defense of the Suez Canal, where the British stand by treaty rights, neither the U.S. Congress nor the State Department reacted favorably. Since it is by no means clear what Britain is trying to do in the Middle East, this U.S. attitude is understandable. Nevertheless, the West is going to continue to lose ground in this vital area of the world until British and American policies are united.

In spite of the very serious failure to make progress on Middle East policy, the Churchill visit was a success; it reversed the Anglo-American drift away from unity.

Unity Reforging

The great man, bearing his 77 history-laden years with impassive dignity, walked slowly through the standing, clapping U.S. Congressmen. He had aged, of course, but Winston Churchill seemed hardly a shade less pink-cheeked, rocklike and John Bullish than when he spoke before the House and Senate during World War II. In 1941, just after Pearl Harbor, his mood had been one of sober yet shining elation: "... Best tidings of all, the United States, united as never before, has drawn the sword for freedom and cast away the scabbard." In 1943, after the victory in North Africa, he had exulted: "One continent redeemed." In 1952, under the clouds of another gathering storm, he spoke with all the avuncular wisdom he had gained as a pilot of the Anglo-American alliance.

A Balance of Power. "I have not come here to ask you for money—" he said, and paused, while relaxing laughter swept the legislators on guard against more British requests for U.S. aid. The orator continued: "—to ask you for money to make life more comfortable or easier for us in Britain. Our standards of life are our own business, and we can only keep our self-respect and independence by looking after them ourselves."

It was the Churchillian way, adroit and telling, of getting to the nub of his message, that Britain has a very special value to the U.S. and must not be lumped in U.S. calculations with other nations. Churchill quoted from his famed Fulton (Iron Curtain) speech of 1946: "Let no man underrate the abiding power of the British Commonwealth and Empire... If [this power] be added to that of the United States... there will be no quivering, precarious balance of power to offer its temptation to ambition or adventure."

The Prime Minister cited the figures of Britain's impressive postwar recovery, reminded his audience that Britain was contributing toward Western rearmament two-thirds as much as the rest of Europe put together. But, he went on, the speed of Britain's rearming depends on the extent of U.S. aid. "It is for you to judge to what extent the United States' interests are involved, and, whether you aid us much or little, we shall continue to do our utmost in the common cause... That is why I have come here to ask not for gold

NEW ENVOY TO TOKYO



GODFREY PHELPS-LIFE
MURPHY

Chosen last week by President Truman (though not yet formally nominated) as the first postwar U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo: Career Diplomat Robert Daniel Murphy.

Born: Oct. 28, 1894, in Milwaukee, of Irish-German stock.

Education: Marquette and George Washington universities (LL.B., LL.M.).

Personal Traits: Lanky; a redhead now balding; as occasion demands, can be ingratiating or salt-tongued; fluent in French and German; a seasoned observer of European affairs but without experience in the Far East.

Early Career: Post-office clerk in Washington, 1916-17; State Department clerk in Bern, Switzerland, 1917-19; assistant chief of revenue agents at Treasury Department, 1919-20; then entered Foreign Service as a vice consul in Zurich, later served at Munich and Seville; became first Secretary of U.S. Embassy in Paris, then counsellor, 1939-40; after the fall of the Third Republic, moved on to Vichy as Chargé d'Affaires.

Vichy Days: Played a key role in the controversial U.S. diplomatic effort to hold down German influence over defeated France; went to French North Africa, where he tried to line up support for the allied invasion. Murphy was widely criticized, along with Generals Dwight Eisenhower and Mark Clark, for using Vichy Admiral Jean François Darlan in a successful effort to break the back of French resistance. Under threat of allied arrest, Darlan ordered the French forces to cease fire. General Eisenhower in *Crusade in Europe* gave Murphy good marks: "Affable, friendly, exceedingly shrewd, [Murphy] was admirably suited for his task. Unquestionably his missionary work... had much to do with eventual success."

German Occupation: Appointed State's senior political adviser to Eisenhower for Germany in 1944; continued in that capacity under Generals Joseph T. McNarney and Lucius D. Clay during their military rule of the U.S. zone in Germany; his work earned this appraisal from Clay: "If Military Government, and in particular if I, as Military Governor, have accomplished anything in Germany, a major part of the credit should go to Bob Murphy."

To Brussels: Returned to Washington in 1949 to head the Office of German and Austrian Affairs; that same year, appointed Ambassador to Belgium; has forcefully urged a bigger Belgian rearmament effort; reportedly has been yearning for a bigger, more exciting post, such as the ambassadorship to Bonn when a peace pact is finally drafted. His comment, on hearing last week that he would go to Tokyo: "It would be very interesting."



Carl Mundy—Litt

REPUBLICAN LEADERS AT SAN FRANCISCO* After the fear of death, the facts of life.

but for steel, not for favors but for equipment."

A Profound Shift. The British "utmost," if Churchill's words meant what they seemed to say, included a profound shift in the British outlook on China. Said the Prime Minister: "You have wisely been resolute, members of Congress, in confronting Chinese Communist aggression. We take our stand at your side. . . I am very glad that whatever diplomatic divergencies there may be from time to time about procedure, you do not allow the Chinese anti-Communists on Formosa to be invaded and massacred from the mainland."

Then, he repeated Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's warning to Peking and Moscow (TIME, Jan. 21). Said Churchill: "Our two countries are agreed that if the truce we seek is reached, only to be broken, our response will be prompt, resolute and effective."

From China, Churchill traveled across the trouble-spotted globe. He praised the U.S.-sponsored Japanese Peace Treaty, forecast more effective allied action in Southeast Asia, urged the Israelis to make peace with the Arabs, and then startled everyone (and roused no applause) by suggesting that U.S. forces might some day help guard the Suez Canal. (This proposal drew an adverse response from three interested parties: Washington officialdom, the British press and the Egyptian government.)

He put his government solidly behind a West European federation and army—but as an ally and not as a member: "The British Commonwealth. . . is not prepared to become a state or a group of states in any continental federal system on either side of the Atlantic."

The old statesman's final counsel drew the most applause: "If I may say this, members of Congress, be careful above all things. . . not to let go of the atomic weapon until you are sure and more than sure that other means of preserving peace are in your hands."

A Sense of History. The sense of history lay upon Winston Churchill as he reached the last pages of his notes. "Under the pressure and menace of Communist aggression," he said, "the fraternal association of the United States with Britain. . . and the new unity growing up in Europe. . . all these harmonies are being brought forward, perhaps by several generations, in the destiny of the world. If this proves true. . . the architects in the Kremlin may be found to have built a different and a far better world structure than what they planned. . ."

"Bismarck once said that the supreme fact of the 19th century was that Britain and the United States spoke the same language. Let us make sure that the supreme fact of the 20th century is that they tread the same path."

His wisdom imparted, the great man, allowing his dignity some small smiles and nods of acknowledgment, walked out as he had come in, through a heartfelt standing ovation.

REPUBLICANS

Jolt for a Bandwagon

Outside, the California rain and wind snarled and snapped at a baby elephant which paced the sidewalk bearing a sign: "I like Ike." Inside, high and dry on the 15th floor of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel, visiting Republicans flocked through the enormous Taft-for-President suite, Genial Dave Ingalls, Bob Taft's cousin and chief strategist (TIME, Jan. 21), clucked over the guests and shooed them toward cocktails, Wisconsin cheese and steaming sausages. Influential G.O.P. men were ushered into an inner sanctum, urged to jump on the bandwagon while there was still time, and assured that Taft was a cinch to win the Republican nomination on the first ballot.

Technically, the Republicans were in town for a routine session of the National Committee. But, as one glance around the Taft suite confirmed, the meeting was an

occasion for the first real show of strength for the 1952 Republican Convention. Across the street in the Fairmont Hotel, Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. set up Eisenhower headquarters on a smaller scale. California's Governor Earl Warren got little traffic either in his public suite at the Fairmont or his downtown hide-out at the St. Francis. Candidate Harold Stassen arrived late, and few people bothered to seek him out. Taft himself stayed away, but reckoning by pamphlets, badges ("No Me-Too in 1952") and hotel rooms, he was unbeatable—until the speeches began.

Frozen Smile. As host, Earl Warren spoke first. Three weeks earlier he had called Ingalls' pre-election tactics "arrogant" and "insulting." Now, gadded again on his home ground, Warren detoured pointedly from his earnest good-of-the-party theme. "We have our problems," he said, "because we have extremists of the right—those who would freeze our nation into the status quo with whatever inequalities go with it." Then he read off, one by one, the liberal planks of the 1948 G.O.P. platform. "If this platform has been vetoed," he said, "I would like to know by whose authority."

That night Dave Ingalls, undaunted, lowered his head and lunged to the attack. "There is one thing for sure," said he, "I have a candidate. And the second thing for sure is that Robert Taft is a Republican. . . There is not an ounce of me-tooism in Bob Taft."

"There is no need for the party to buy a pig in a poke. The New Dealers and the me-tooers say that Bob Taft lacks color and glamour. To this I say he has the color of ability, the color of experience, the color of courage. . . Hero worship is no substitute for faith based on known performance. Neither is glamour or sex

* From left: Dave Ingalls, National Chairman Gary Gabrielson, Assistant Chairman Mrs. Gifford Mayes, California's Governor Earl Warren, Mrs. Gabrielson, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.

appeal. If we as a party, at this late date, propose to risk our political future on such slender attributes, then I say the party is dead and we are met here today merely to select a good-looking mortician to preside over the final rites."

Ingalls finished and looked up. Taftmen leaped to their feet to applaud, but the ovation was noticeably lighter than it had been at the beginning. Two seats away, Earl Warren, his face frozen in a faint quarter-smile, applauded perfunctorily. Cabot Lodge gave two handclaps, got up from the speakers' table and strode angrily from the platform.

Night Revision. Lodge worked through the night revising his own speech, scheduled for luncheon the next day. The Fairmont's Gold Room filled early, and the galleries were jammed as never before during the meeting. "I shall speak for my candidate," Lodge began, "and I shall never attack any other candidate." Then he confronted the Republicans with one of the facts of life about the next election, and one of the strongest arguments for Eisenhower.

"There just are not enough Republicans in the U.S. to elect a President without additional support. If every Republican voted for the Republican candidate, according to a recent vote analysis, he would only get 31% of the vote. Therefore we must have a candidate who not only will carry our banner but will also appeal to the great strength of the independent voters and also to the Democrats who are sick & tired of the present national Administration. . . . If Dwight Eisenhower's extraordinary hold on the American people were solely due to the fact that he has a warm personality and a magnetic bearing, we might have justifiable reservations. . . . But his hold on American opinion cannot, I think, be attributed to these personal traits—to what was described last night as glamour. . . ."

"Eisenhower has a knowledge of the practical factors that make for war & peace which is not excelled—nor even matched—by anyone. Where most of us talk about the issues of war & peace from the standpoint of theory, he can deal with them from the standpoint of action and experience."

Lodge sat down to applause, whistles and cheers. ("He came to San Francisco a boy and departed a man," cracked a reporter.) Earl Warren pumped his hand. Dave Ingalls stepped up for a quick congratulation, then slipped out through the crowd.

By the time the last gavel was rapped, the San Francisco weather had changed and so had the political climate. Ike's campaign was airborne, and Taft's flying handwagon had taken the stiffest jolt to date. Hardy G.O.P. professionals were not likely to be swayed by either a breach of manners or a fervent speech. But they were just the ones to notice the little shifts, such as the new cordiality between the Ikemen and Earl Warren (who controls 70 California delegates) and the fact that the galleries liked Ike.

ILLINOIS

Sir Galahad & the Pols

[See Cover]

Illinois has a long tradition of corruption. A high state official once complacently defined good government as one in which 50¢ of the taxpayer's dollar went to the state and 50¢ into the politicians' pockets. And the tradition comes down to very recent times. Three years ago, when Dwight Green was governor, the boodling pols still waxed fat in the land. Nevertheless, in its 133 years, the state has had some really good governors. One was John Peter Altgeld, "the eagle forgotten." One was Henry Horner, a great Depression governor. And Illinois has a good governor now: Adlai* Ewing Stevenson, a political amateur turned pro. In his three years in Springfield, Stevenson has:

¶ Sent state police out to stop commercial



Associated Press

JACK ARVEY

He chose a gentleman and a scholar.

gambling downstate, when local officials failed to act.

¶ Lopped 1,300 political hangers-on off the state payroll.

¶ Established a merit system in the state police force, where the 500 jobs had been political plums.

¶ Increased state aid to school districts.

¶ Launched a broad road-improvement program, which includes enforcing truck weight limits, a higher gasoline tax and higher truck license fees to pay construction costs.

¶ Overhauled the state's welfare program, establishing a merit system, forcing financially able relatives to pay for the care of patients.

* Pronounced *add-lay*. The name appears just once in the Bible (*Chronicles 1:27-29*). The text gives no clue as to why anyone would choose the name: "Over the herds that fed in Sharon was Shitrai the Shanonite; and over the herds that were in the valleys was Shaphat the son of Adlai."

¶ Pushed through 78 bills to streamline the state government.

¶ Reorganized the political State Commerce Commission, the utility rate setting agency, to make it bipartisan.

Stevenson looks and acts more like a hurrying, harried diplomat than a politician. Nearing 52, he has earned a small tendency to paunch and jowl, but he still gives the impression of slowness, and is light enough on his feet to play a fair game of tennis. His manner is lawyerlike, earnest and—sometimes patiently, sometimes anxiously—engaging. He has a rueful laugh, nervous and sudden, a tongue in his head, and a head on his shoulders. When he has a hard decision to make, he sometimes holds his head as if it hurts him. He has had to make a good many hard decisions as governor of Illinois.

He is a Democrat whom thousands of Illinois Republicans have voted for and probably will vote for again. Even the *Chicago Tribune* has on occasion mildly approved some of his statesmanlike acts. Again & again he has said in speeches: "I think government should be as small in scope and as local in character as possible."

Although Adlai Stevenson was a rank amateur in practical politics when he became governor of Illinois in 1949, he inherited a rich family tradition of public service. His ancestral hero is great-grandfather Jesse W. Fell, who trudged into Illinois with a knapsack over his shoulder in 1832. Jesse Fell was a lawyer who became a real-estate developer and city planner, and was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was the first to describe Lincoln as presidential timber. A staunch Republican, Fell proposed the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and played an important part in the Lincoln-for-President campaign.

"The Headman." Meanwhile, Stevenson's paternal grandfather was busy campaigning against Lincoln. Grandfather Adlai Ewing Stevenson, who walked into Illinois beside a wagon in 1852, was also a lawyer, but an avid Democrat. As Grover Cleveland's First Assistant Postmaster General, he became known as "the headman" when he swept some 40,000 Republican postmasters off the payroll. In Cleveland's second term, he was Vice President. Lewis Green Stevenson, his son, was Illinois' secretary of state in 1914-16. (Another relative in politics: Vice President Alben Barkley, whose grandmother was Grandfather Adlai's first cousin.) Father Stevenson tried to warn his son Adlai away from politics. "Don't ever get mixed up in that dirty game," he said firmly.

While Governor Stevenson was born a Democrat, his inheritance includes some stoutly Republican forebears. "If it's true that politics is the art of compromise," he says, "I've had a good start: my mother was a Republican and a Unitarian, my father was a Democrat and a Presbyterian. I ended up in his party and her church."

A Broken Nose. The present Adlai Ewing Stevenson was born Feb. 5, 1900, in a rented house in Los Angeles, where

his father was assistant general manager of a Hearst paper, the Los Angeles *Examiner*. When Adlai was six years old, the family returned to Bloomington, Ill., where both Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson had grown up. There Adlai and his sister Elizabeth ("Buffy"), three years his elder (now Mrs. Ernest Ives, wife of a wealthy, retired U.S. diplomat), grew up in a big Victorian house at 1316 East Washington Street.

Mrs. Stevenson was a possessive mother. She watched closely over her son, and used to read aloud to him—mainly Dickens and Sir Walter Scott. He was not a very sturdy little boy, but he was determined not to be considered a sissy, and often got into fights at public school to prove his point. His nose was broken two or three times in that good cause.

"Rabbit." In school, young Adlai was bright, but no scholar. He went to an eastern prep school (Choate) and then to Princeton, where he graduated in 1922. At Princeton he was known as something of a politician and was a moderate success; managing editor of the *Daily Princetonian*. A Princeton roommate recalls Stevenson as "a nice, harmless, pleasant guy" whose personality got him the nickname "Rabbit."

He wanted to be a newspaperman, but his father prevailed on him to go to law school. Within two years, he dropped out of Harvard because of low grades. He did better at Northwestern University law school, and passed the Illinois bar examinations in 1926.

Between Harvard and Northwestern, Stevenson worked for 18 months as a reporter and editor on the Bloomington *Daily Pantagraph*, owned by his mother's family. He still owns a quarter-interest in that prosperous county paper, and gets most of his income from it. After he got his degree from Northwestern, he went to Russia in an effort to interview Russian Foreign Minister Chicherin, who had refused to talk to foreign correspondents. No interview, but an interesting trip.

As a young lawyer in Chicago, Stevenson enjoyed the North Shore social life, and rode to hounds at Lake Forest. He also began to take an active interest in international affairs; he joined the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and eventually became president. He met and married one of Chicago's most attractive debutantes, petite and spirited Ellen Borden, of the milk family. They have three sons, Adlai, 21, and Borden, 19, students at Harvard, and John Fell, 15, at Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

Stevenson's public service began in the pioneering days of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. In 1933, he went to Washington as special counsel under George N. Peek, administrator of the new Agricultural Adjustment Act. At the end of 1935, he returned to Chicago to practice law.

Decision in Italy. In the summer of 1941 he was back in Washington again, this time as a special assistant to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy. Stevenson wrote Knox's speeches and acted as his troubleshooter. In 1943, he led a civilian



Governor Stevenson & Sons⁶
The boys held on to their pockets.

mission to Italy to work on occupation plans. There he "saw a public-opinion poll in which seven out of ten American parents said they didn't want their boys to enter public life. Think of it! Boys could die in combat, but parents didn't want their children to give their living efforts toward a better America and a better world. I decided then that if I ever had a chance I would seek elective public office."

Later, Stevenson served as an assistant to two Secretaries of State, Edward Stettinius and James Byrnes. He went to the San Francisco United Nations Conference and worked with the U.S. delegation to the U.N. General Assembly. His Washington experience provided him with a story which always gets a chuckle at Illinois po-

litical meetings. The Russians had provided specifications for a complicated project and the U.S. Navy was to furnish blueprints. One day a Russian colonel came to Stevenson's office to complain that the blueprints had not been delivered. "We are behind," admitted Stevenson. "But the reason is that you fellows were two weeks behind." The Russian glared at him and said: "Mr. Stevenson, I did not come here to talk about my behind but about your behind."

When Stevenson returned to Chicago in 1947, Illinois was in a political uproar. The press was filled with charges of bribery, payroll padding and other political shenanigans in the administration of Governor Dwight Green, serving his second term.

Like Ronald Colman. A couple of admirers of Stevenson (one of them a Republican) got together a Stevenson-for-Senator committee and went to see the boss, Jacob M. Arvey, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee.

Arvey listened, and then dashed their hopes. He already had a candidate for Senator: Paul Douglas, professor of economics at the University of Chicago. Democratic slate-makers would have preferred Senator Scott Lucas or Chicago's businessman-mayor, Martin Kennelly. Neither would run. So Arvey decided on a gentleman-and-scholar ticket—Stevenson for Governor and Douglas for Senator. Although Stevenson was more interested in the national post, he agreed to run for the statehouse.

After the Democratic bosses had endorsed their gentleman, they began to worry. How would the voters downstate like his Brooks Brothers button-down collars and his Princeton pin-stripe suit? What about his dulcet and cultured tone?



Grandfather Adlai & Namesake
An old Japanese custom.

⁶ From left: John Fell, Governor Stevenson, Borden and Adlai.

of voice, which made him sound, to Chicago ears, like Actor Ronald Colman?*

But Stevenson soon showed that he had a way with the folks. He was affable, though reserved, and flatteringly humble before the veteran politicians. He told a Jackson Day dinner: "I have a bad case of hereditary politics, and I hope by associating with veterans like you to contract an equally bad case of practical politics." He went after the Green administration with good old Illinois haysmackers.

"We cannot allow the rats of corruption and neglect to undermine the foundations of our state any longer," he told a Springfield audience. "The Green machine has given politics and greed the priority over public service and honesty—because the Green machine has treated politics and morality apart. Each week brings some new revelation. A murder in Peoria reveals evidence of protection of gambling by state officials. . . . The machine purchases property at grossly inflated values. . . . People want something better than all this cynical, costly, gang government."

"Hi, Governor." This kind of campaigning soon had the Democrats, and many a Republican, cheering Stevenson on. But more than cheers are needed to win a campaign. At times, his supporters had to go out and beg for contributions to pay the overdue rent on the campaign headquarters. "Our campaign funds are so low that it's become a joke around my house," said Stevenson. "Even my kids now take one look at me when I come home, say 'Hi, governor,' and stick their hands in their pockets to protect their loose change."

Adlai Stevenson was elected governor by the biggest margin any candidate ever piled up in Illinois: 572,000 votes. He ran well ahead of Douglas, who defeated C. Wayland ("Curly") Brooks by 407,728, and far ahead of Harry Truman, who carried the state by a slim 33,612. But Stevenson's resounding victory was bitter-sweet: the governorship cost him his wife. She had been taking an increasingly unsympathetic view of his public life and its growing demands. Now she left him and asked for a divorce. Less than a year after he became governor, she got her divorce at Las Vegas, Nev.

In spite of this paralyzing private blow, there was a lot to learn and a lot of work to do. Stevenson plunged in. Running the government of Illinois (pop. 8,712,176) is no job for an amateur. One of the special problems is the fact that more than half the population is in Cook County (Chicago), but the 101 other counties control the legislature. When Governor Stevenson came before a joint session to make his inaugural address, he faced many hostile lawmakers. The Republicans held firm control of the senate, and the Democrats had a narrow margin (80-72) in the house.

"We can show the world what a government consecrated to plain talk, hard work and prairie horse sense can do," he told them. But he admitted privately to friends in those early days in Springfield that he was "rattled."

Not Consecrated. Republican Representative Reed F. Cutler hung a sneering label on the gentleman governor: "Sir Galahad." And many of the old pals in his own party were willing to echo the sneer. Senate Democrats elected Boss Bill Connors, from Chicago's notorious 42nd



"BIG BILL" THOMPSON
The boddlers waxed fat in the land.

Ward, as minority leader. Somehow, gradually, the young amateur won the surly respect of the old pro; before long, Connors was going down the line for almost everything the governor proposed. With his jowls joggling, Connors would run up & down the Senate floor, seizing Democrats by the lapel and growling: "Now vote for this. The little fellow over in the mansion wants you to."

The 1949 session voted for only a few things the little fellow wanted. But the 1951 session, although this time both houses were controlled by the Republicans, voted for a good many more.

The keys to Stevenson's success have been neither gold nor silver, but steepler and less flashy—patient persistence, hard work, diplomacy, good public relations and able assistance. The 1949 legislature turned down his proposed gasoline-tax increase. For two years he preached its benefits to the citizens of Illinois, then resubmitted it in 1951.* This time the legislators deadlocked on how the money should be divided among the state, counties, cities and townships. Stevenson called the leaders to the executive mansion and by 2 a.m. had worked out a compromise. On

this issue, as on every other, he had studied exhaustively and, as Jack Arvey put it, had become "an expert on every damned detail."

Governor Stevenson travels his state twice as much as his unlamented predecessor, but no faster. He still uses the same plane (a twin-engined Beechcraft). In the 36½ months he has been in office, he has traveled, within the state, an estimated 40,000 miles. But he does most of his work in the faded, 95-year-old governor's mansion, as magnifico and dated as an 1845 oration, at the edge of downtown Springfield. (Since the divorce, the handsome, eleven-room frame house on Stevenson's 70-acre farm at Libertyville has been rented. Its present tenant: Marshall Field Jr., editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and an old friend.) In the 28-room, brick-and-stone governor's mansion, Stevenson sleeps in a second-floor bedroom; on the walls hang portraits of great-grandfather and grandmother Fell and grandfather Stevenson. (The governor's ex-wife once remarked: "There must be some Japanese in the Stevensons; they worship their ancestors so.") Stevenson works at a long desk in a basement office.

Shoes Without Spikes. Stevenson gets up about 7, is at his desk showily after 9, and usually has lunch there on a tray. Before dinner, he likes a bourbon "cold toddy" (on the rocks, with a little sugar and water). After dinner, he often returns to his desk for several hours. The executive mansion is adequately staffed with servants, but none of them sleeps there. The only residents are Stevenson and one of his executive assistants, William McCormick Blair, wealthy Republican and cousin of the Chicago *Tribune's* Bertie McCormick. On the nights when Bill Blair goes to a movie, it is up to the governor to lock up and turn out the lights—which he does, before climbing to the lonely grandeur of his bedroom.

Always a frugal man, Stevenson has bought one new suit since he became governor. A favorite item in his wardrobe is an old pair of golf shoes with the spikes removed. Besides the plane, he uses a state-owned black 1940 Cadillac sedan which has traveled over 300,000 miles. These sparing habits have gained him a reputation as a close man with a buck, whether it is his or the state's. He is not a poor man. He is said to be worth about half a million dollars, with an income, including his \$12,000-a-year salary as governor and dividends from the *Bloomington Pantagraph* stock and other property, of about \$50,000 a year.

Though his life seems to be all work, Stevenson nevertheless manages to get some fun out of it. When the legislature handed him a bird lovers' bill to prohibit cats from running at large, he vetoed it with the comment: "It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unsolicited roaming. . . . In my opinion, the State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency."

Though he has been a reasonably quick

* A 1951 law passed by the Illinois legislature, when Chicago's Mayor William Hale Thompson was talking about "busting King George in the snoot," proclaimed that "American" and not "English" is the language of Illinois.

* Regular sessions of the legislature are held in odd-numbered years.

study in "the art of the possible," he still feels indignation—more than he allows himself to show—over the kind of moral apathy that makes good government difficult. Last fall, after he found out that private clubs and fraternal and veterans' organizations were operating most of the slot machines in Illinois, he threw a handful of lemons at these politically powerful groups. Said he: "I know all the arguments about the slot machine in the country club is one thing and the slot machine in the corner saloon another." But I also know that the machine is against the law as it stands on the books; and I know that the citizen who violates the law in his country club or fraternal lodge is in no position to, and does not in fact, insist that his elected officials enforce the law in the corner saloon. . . . Many of our most reputable and influential citizens [thus] sterilize their power and influence to demand and get faithful performance by their local officials. They have tied their own hands and stopped their own mouths."

Was Steffens Right? This month, as Stevenson announced his candidacy for re-election (TIME, Jan. 21), he demonstrated that he has come a long way toward learning how to play practical politics. He had let word leak out that he might not run. That brought anxious looks to the eyes of Democratic slate-makers, who are sure they need him to carry Illinois this year. Then he let them know that, if he did run, he would want a strong slate. And he added that he didn't think State's Attorney John Boyle of Chicago was a good candidate. Stevenson has largely kept hands off law enforcement in Cook County, on the theory that local authorities are better equipped and better staffed to handle it. But he didn't like the way Boyle had done the job. The slate-makers promptly dumped Boyle overboard. Sir Galahad was getting to know his way around.

If Lincoln Steffens was right, corruption is the norm of U.S. political life; in spite of reform, the pots always come back; the Sir Galahads, sooner or later, get licked, or get laughed out of court, or join the gang. But men like Adlai Stevenson have dedicated themselves to a more hopeful and more dynamic proposition: that the U.S. is not a static pattern but a still-continuing experiment—an experiment, among other things, in good government.

Last week President Truman summoned Governor Stevenson to Washington. Why? Did he want Stevenson to run as Vice President? That was one rumor. Or had Truman decided not to run at all, and to ask Stevenson to head the Democratic ticket? That was another rumor. Or was the oldest, biggest pot of them all turning to Sir Galahad for advice on how to win? That seemed hardly likely.

Whatever the truth behind the rumors, this much was evident: in a cold season for the Democrats, Adlai Stevenson is politically hot, and Harry Truman feels the need of a little warmth.

THE PRESIDENCY

Where the Money Goes

"For the time being, and perhaps for a long time, we must sail a middle course in an uncertain sea," wrote the President of the U.S. to Congress last week. Harry Truman's middle course, as he went on to chart it in his budget, lay somewhere between guns and tools on the starboard, and butter on the port. A year ago he had insisted on a "pay-as-you-go" tax program. Now it was clear that he was sailing directly—if regretfully—back into the perilous waters of deep-deficit financing.

The cost of running and protecting the U.S. will come to \$85.4 billion for the twelve months beginning next July 1, he estimated. Under present tax laws, federal revenues will be about \$71 billion. The probable deficit for the period will be about \$14.4 billion, to bring the total public debt to some \$27.5 billion. Truman mildly asked Congress to vote him the \$5 billion which Congress chopped off his tax request in the last session (and got a bipartisan, election-year roar of rejection from Capitol Hill). Then, as if he did not really expect new taxes, he took comfort from the theory that an ever-expanding economy will more than compensate for mounting deficits.

Seventy-five percent of the \$85.4 billion will go to fortify the many fronts of U.S. national defense. Items:

¶ For the U.S. armed services, \$51.2 billion. Of this, the Air Force gets 37% for a start on a 143-wing Air Force; the Army gets 31% to build to 21 divisions; the Navy 24% for a fleet of 408 combatant ships, 16 carrier air groups and a three-division Marine Corps. But even these expenditures, the President implies, will not fully replenish the war reserves of the U.S. expended in Korea and arms aid to U.S. allies.

¶ For military, economic and technical help overseas, \$10.5 billion (an increase of \$3.5 billion over this year).

¶ For atomic energy, \$1.7 billion (and, at a budget press conference, a presidential promise to ask for some \$5 billion in new funds in a special message to come).

The non-defense sector of the budget, noted the President with pride, is nearly a billion dollars below non-defense expenditures in the current budget. But he wants, among other things, \$1.4 billion for the farm support program (up 100% over 1951); \$2.6 billion for Federal welfare and health programs; \$634 million for federal aid to education; \$4.1 billion for veterans' benefits (set by law and beyond presidential control); and \$303 mil-



United Press—Acme

WORST WEATHER since 1890 hit the West Coast when three bad storms struck in succession. Los Angeles was inundated by 5.67 inches of water in 48 hours; San Francisco reported 5.86 inches in eight days. Mud slides and overflowing creeks piled tons of red silt on city streets, flooded homes, knocked down telephone and power lines, swamped cars (as above, in Beverly Hills). In Los Angeles, the boiling waters pushed a Buick convertible into a deep side-street wash, drowned the driver; in Glendale, a woman was crushed to death when a house collapsed, slid 50 ft. down a hillside. Mountain roads in the Sierra Nevada were choked with 50-ft. snowdrifts; small towns were cut off and transcontinental traffic came to a standstill. The streamliner City of San Francisco was snowbound for 72 hours (see NEWS IN PICTURES). By week's end, when the storms had passed, 24 people were dead, and the damage was inestimable.

lion to help the Bureau of Internal Revenue hire 7,000 new tax collectors.

Back in the small print sat the penalty for deficit financing: interest on the federal debt, \$6.2 billion—six times fatter than in 1940.

POLITICAL NOTES

A Woman's Place

In the full tide of an election year, the male politician becomes an expert at measuring off the White House in the spans and cubits of politics, prestige and power. But what about his wife? She naturally assumes that her husband can get anything he really tries to get, looks upon Inauguration Day as Moving Day, and ponders over the size of the Trumans' backyard. An example is Mrs. Estes Kefauver, an attractive mother of four, whose husband is going through the routine of being coy about running as the Democratic nominee.

She "had a feeling" that Estes would run, she told an interviewer this week, although there were "so many angles." But she was worried about moving the children from a "nice, normal, conventional environment" to the White House. Said Mrs. Kefauver: "Linda [10] was very upset one day about moving. I pacified her by saying I would make her life guard of the [White House] swimming pool. And David [5] wanted to know if he would have any room to play in. I told him their backyard had far better accommodations than our own little bit of a backyard."

"I can't honestly say that being First Lady appeals to me very much. It carries a tremendous responsibility, but I would try to do the best I know how to do what is expected of me." In other words, if a husband wants to run for President, a woman's place is in the White House.

Sorrowful Brother

The Ike boom carried no feeling of fraternal jubilee to the general's older brother,* Edgar Eisenhower, a Tacoma lawyer. Said Edgar last week: "I'm sincerely opposed to Dwight's running. I question whether Christ himself could do the job that has to be done. People are looking for miracles, and I'd hate to see Dwight get in a wringer. He could swing his arms and thrash the water, but if Congress wasn't with him, then he'd be sunk... I don't want him crucified. I'm sorry the country feels that there's only one man among all the citizenry who can restore it to its position in the world."

Poor Man's Candidate

In the domain where Huey Long founded a dynasty on demagoguery, his successors have been challenged at the polls three times by an upcountry judge called "the poor man's candidate."

The challenger, Judge Robert F. Ken-

non, 49, is no rabble-rouser, but a neat and solid citizen, a member of the Louisiana Court of Appeals who served during World War II as a colonel with the Ninth Army in Europe. In 1948, he ran for governor and then for Senator: during the campaigning, the judge was attacked by a Long henchman, Lieut. Governor Bill Dodd, who derided his Army record, thus: "They tested his feet and said they were no good for running. They tested his blood and said it was 65% champagne and 35% talcum powder. They tested his ears, and the doctor said: 'Judge, your ears are perfect. You can hear an election coming two years off.'"

When primary time for the governor's post rolled around again this winter, Judge Kennon challenged the dynasty again.

In the field, besides Kennon, were no less than eight candidates. Governor Earl



GAMBLER COSTELLO & PANHANDLER
After lunch, relaxation.

Long, Huey's brother, who may not succeed himself, hand-picked former District Judge Carlos G. Spaht of Baton Rouge.

Last week the voters trooped to the polls and all but toppled the dynasty. Earl Long's man led with 158,839 ballots, less than a third of the total. Judge Kennon ran second with 154,812.

Under Louisiana law, the two top candidates must meet in a runoff primary. Six of the also-rans promptly urged their supporters to vote for Judge Kennon against Spaht. It looked like a sure thing for the poor man's candidate.

Den

Louisiana's Republicans also made some news last week. In New Orleans, pro-Eisenhower candidates came out ahead in 14 of 24 contests for the Republican Parish Executive Committee and won ten out of 56 seats on the State Central Commit-

tee. Neither of these bodies chooses delegates to the national convention, but the returns did seem to indicate a dent in the ironclad court exercised by pro-Taft National Committeeman John E. Jackson. On the basis of last week's result, Jackson's rival, John Minor Wisdom, said that half the state's 15 delegates would be for Ike. Jackson, however, seemed certain to hold at least nine and probably more.

TRIALS

Hung Jury

For a few days last week, Gambler Frank Costello, 60, sat glumly in a Manhattan courtroom and faced the prospect of a prison term. Charged with contempt of Congress for walking out on the Kefauver crime committee last March, he based his defense on the contentions that 1) television hearings are unconstitutional (rejected by Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan), and 2) his doctors had warned him of danger to his chronic sore throat (an arrested cancer) if he testified. The doctors were put on the stand. Both said they had told Costello he could testify.

The jury deliberated for 23 hours, then sent word that it was hopelessly deadlocked: one member was standing steadfastly for acquittal. Frank Costello (who peeled off bills for passing panhandlers when he went to lunch) could relax until retrial of the case, some time in the spring.

HEROES

Welcome

Ever since word flashed across the Atlantic that Captain Kurt Carlsen was safe, Manhattan had been waiting impatiently for him. Reporters dug into the history of the skipper of the *Flying Enterprise*, interviewed his family and crew. People read that he had learned his deep-water trade by crossing the Atlantic ten times in sailing ships, that he had made up his mind to be a sailor at the age of eleven, and stubbornly insisted on taking his old rowboat into the most dangerous waters around his home at Hamlet-haunted Elsinore, Denmark. By the time Carlsen arrived last week, the city was his.

The whistles of 300 ships tooted a greeting when he sailed up the harbor on the Coast Guard cutter *Sank*. Half a million people cheered the skipper as he paraded up Broadway. "I just wanted to kiss him," a young girl howled indignantly after chasing the skipper's car for eight blocks. From every window, ticker tape and confetti poured down, 75 tons of it. At a luncheon in his honor, Carlsen turned down a gold watch sent him by a well-wisher. Said he: "Please accept a simple seaman's simple thin's."

Then Captain Carlsen went home to Woodbridge (N.J.) for a few weeks' rest before taking command of another ship. His boss, Hans Isbrandtsen, said it would be a fine new vessel of 11,000 tons, bigger and faster than the old one. Her name: *Flying Enterprise*.

* The other Eisenhower brothers: Arthur, a Kansas City banker; Milton, president of Pennsylvania State College; and Earl, an electrical engineer in Charleroi, Pa.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Hopeless?

In Paris, Andrei Vishinsky unreeling a long harangue in which he called the Korean truce talks all but hopeless because of the U.N.'s "unreasonable demands." The white-thatched old propaganda monger called General James Van Fleet a "latter-day cannibal." Added that he was unfit to conduct the truce talks. Since Van Fleet, the Eighth Army's military commander, has no hand or voice in the cease-fire negotiations, Vishinsky's attack was either a willfully silly distortion or a ludicrous mistake.

The impression got around the world that the Kremlin's puppetmasters are plainly preventing, or at least delaying, a Korean truce. At Panmunjom, the atmosphere was reminiscent of last August, when the Reds broke off the talks for two months. The deadlocks that had existed for weeks—on safeguarding the armistice and exchange of prisoners—continued.

The Reds charged that allied planes had flown over Mukden and other cities in Manchuria. There was no accusation that the planes had attacked, but the Peking radio bawled about "aggressive provocations" and violations of Red China's "air sovereignty" by "American air pirates." Then the Communists alleged three more acts of U.N. barbarism: a U.N. bombing of a Red P.W. camp at Kang-dong, 18 miles northeast of Pyongyang; an air strafing of a properly marked Red truce delegation convoy north of Kaesong; and an air attack on the Kaesong zone itself, where a crater 25 ft. wide and 8 ft. deep was exhibited to U.N. investigators.

Allied newsmen in Korea, who hang on the words of briefing officers and whose expectations of peace rise & fall daily and sometimes very steeply, pronounced the situation grimmer than at any time since the conferences were resumed in October.

THE ENEMY

Beggars' Island

The Americans who run it call it Beggars' Island. Koje is a rocky, dun-colored dollop, 20 miles southwest of Pusan in the Korea Strait. On this island, in a cluster of barbed-wire compounds, the U.N. keeps its war prisoners—110,000 North Koreans and 17,000 Chinese—plus about 40,000 civilian internees.

"Each compound," says one high-ranking officer, "seethes with intrigue—half figuring ways to escape, the rest pressure groups fighting each other. Killings? Plenty of them. The victims are usually beaten to death with tent poles." So far, on Beggars' Island, some 30 or 40 prisoners have been murdered by their fellows, and the beatings are innumerable. In one night last week, in one compound alone, there were seven beatings. Some of these fights can be traced to competition for homosexual favors, but most are battles be-

tween Communists and anti-Communists. Some 13,000 Chinese and 6,000 North Koreans have signed petitions, many in blood, against repatriation. Some have tattooed themselves with anti-Communist slogans.

In all the Chinese compounds, the anti-Reds manage to keep U.S., U.N., and Nationalist Chinese flags flying. At the entrance to Compound 86 there is a sign in Chinese characters: "Kill! Kill! Mao Tse-tung, the Russian puppet."

The camp's worst riots took place last fall. In mid-September the prisoners in one compound went on a rampage and drove their guards from the enclosure. Before the guards could be sent back in at bayonet point and behind a barrage of concussion grenades, the Communists

until we're through with him. If we return him to the compound, he'll slip off in the mob and change his name." Said another: "We could have Mao Tse-tung and Kim Il Sung both in the same compound and never know it."

Some of the prisoners are packed into crude, earth-floored barracks, and the rest live in tents. About 8,000 P.W.s are harbored in each compound, about twice as crowded as they should be. They sleep on straw mats, and each man has two blankets. They are fed three times a day—rice, beans, fish, pepper mash, soy sauce. This is a nourishing, 2,800-calorie diet, on which many prisoners have gained weight.

Ambitious Tunnel. In Compound 66, where 2,600 fanatical, hard-core North Korean Communist officers are penned up,



"THE BEARDS GREW ANOTHER TWO INCHES"
At Panmunjom, an August feeling in the air.

dragged one suspected renegade to the fence, pulled out his tongue, cut it off with tin shears, then beat him to death.

Packed Living. Colonel Maurice J. Fitzgerald, Koje's debonair commander, has a 7,000-man force, including a first-rate U.S. outfit and two smaller South Korean units. Though not otherwise boastful about camp conditions, U.S. officers take pride in the fact that guard brutality to prisoners is at a minimum: the trouble is prisoner to prisoner.

One big difficulty is language. In the intelligence section there are five Chinese Nationalists from Formosa, and 22 more to run the educational classes, which hope to teach prisoners the ways of democracy. Only one officer on Colonel Fitzgerald's staff—a Korean-American captain—can speak either Korean or Chinese. Said one officer to TIME Tokyo Bureau Chief Dwight Martin: "If we want to question a prisoner, we have to keep him isolated

there are no political fights. Proud, swaggering, aloof, they keep themselves neat, and sing Red marching songs with totalitarian gusto. Their enclosure is surrounded by three barbed-wire fences instead of the usual two.

It was Compound 66 that engineered Koje's most ambitious attempt at escape. The North Korean officers tunneled ten feet straight down, then laterally out under the wire barricades. They were within a few feet of coming out into a dry creek bed when a U.N. team, digging a trench, uncovered their tunnel.

These fanatics, strangely located within almost a stone's throw of native Korean huts, are able—by messages hurled or shouted—to exercise a high degree of effective political control over their comrades elsewhere on the island. One U.S. authority is convinced that they personally directed Beggars' Island's bloodiest riot last fall.

NEWS IN PICTURES



CHANNEL SHIPWRECK gave French skipper hopes of outdoing Captain Carlsen when his freighter *Ager* split in two on Britain's

treacherous Goodwin Sands. After clinging for five lonely hours to sinking bow, he gave up vigil, climbed off into waiting lifeboat.



WASHINGTON RECEPTION brought jovial Prime Minister together with daughter Sarah and Margaret Truman. Later, Church-

ill left for Manhattan and three-day rest at apartment of old friend Bernard Baruch before departure aboard *Queen Mary* for London.



FUNERAL CAISSON, bearing body of France's Marshal de Lattre, trundles past mourning Parisian crowds to the Invalides, where hero

of Indo-China received nation's tribute. U.S.'s Eisenhower (right) and Britain's Montgomery marched last in cortege of Allied officers.



SNOWBOUND STREAMLINER City of San Francisco marooned 226 passengers and crewmen for 72 hours near California's Donner

Pass. After army weasels and relief trains bogged down in rescue attempts, highway snowplows finally cut through to lift the siege.

Carl Mydans—Lia

TREATIES

Peace with Chiang

John Foster Dulles' blueprint for peace with Japan lacked a cornerstone: Japan's future relations with her old enemy China. Since Britain and the U.S. could not agree whether China meant Peking or Formosa, the decision was left to Japan. Last week Japan's Premier Shigeru Yoshida made known his choice. In a letter to Dulles, he wrote that Japan wants "a treaty which will re-establish normal relations" with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government. As for Red China: "The Japanese government has no intention to conclude a bilateral treaty with the Communist regime of China."

WESTERN EUROPE

Topside Teammates

General Eisenhower got a new topside teammate last week: an American civilian to take charge of the whole kit & caboodle of the U.S. defense buildup in Europe outside Ike's field of military command. He is William Henry Draper Jr., 57, New York investment banker and professional troubleshooter. President Truman appointed Draper to a new omnibus post: 1) senior U.S. civilian official, with the rank of full ambassador, in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; and 2) head man in Europe of the new Mutual Security Agency, which has replaced the Marshall Plan. Draper will be the supreme civilian spokesman for the U.S. in Europe.

Answering Calls. Black-browed Bill Draper is one of that group of Wall Streeters—among them Forrestal, Stimson, Lovett, Patterson, McCloy and Harriman—who, though usually Republican, have temporarily answered the call of Government whenever a problem needed a tough, practical administrator to straighten it out. Unlike some of them, Draper is no hereditary economic royalist. Born in New York City, the son of a dentist, he went to New York University (Class of '16), got his start in business at the National City Bank, later switched to Dillon, Read & Co., where his boss was Forrestal.

A major in World War I, he was active in the Reserves between the wars, and, in 1940, when most of his fellow Wall Streeters were moving to their first jobs in Washington, he was called to active duty as a colonel. Asking for combat duty, he was eventually sent to the Pacific in command of the 136th Infantry Regiment, but when he got to Hawaii, he was called back by the Pentagon to supervise the growing problem of contract terminations.

As Hitler's armies neared collapse, Draper was promoted to brigadier general, sent to Germany to become the U.S. member of the postwar four-power economics directorate there, where he proved fully as laconic as his Russian opposite number. In Germany, Draper, a widower, met

Eunice Barzynski, a WAC captain on his staff, later married her. After two years of occupation duty, Draper was called home to become Under Secretary of the Army. Then, before he could get deeply back in investment banking, New York's Governor Dewey asked him late in 1950 to take over the debt-ridden, wreck-ridden Long Island Rail Road. When he accepted, *The New Yorker* quipped: "He has a good head for aches."

Legs Without Heads. Draper's first headache in his new job will be combating a misconception about him in Europe—and in the leftist reaches of U.S. politics. Because he was the man who in 1946 carried out the U.S.'s revised economic policy toward Germany—throwing out all



TROUBLESHOOTER DRAPER
A good head for aches.

traces of the Morgenthau Plan—he became tagged as "pro-German." He was accused of not doing enough to break up German industry; now that German industry is needed in the reconstruction of Western Europe, that criticism lacks its old force, but the prejudice against him persists.

Draper will inherit the duties and headaches of two men, Lawyer Charles M. Spofford, U.S. delegate to NATO's Council of Deputies, and William Batt, European administrator of MSA. It was because these headaches were multiplying, because NATO was sprouting legs and arms before it had a head, that some kind of change was called for. W. Averell Harriman, now the key U.S. man in such matters, proposed Troublesooter Draper as his European representative. In effect, Draper becomes Mr. America in Western Europe, as Eisenhower, an American, is really Mr. Western Europe.

NATO itself is in for streamlining at

the mid-February meeting of its unwieldy, 36-man top body, the North Atlantic Council, which consists of the foreign ministers, the defense ministers, and the finance ministers of the twelve NATO nations—a sort of cabinet of the West. Despite opposition of the British, who do not want to see London left out, NATO's affairs will probably be concentrated in Paris, close to Eisenhower, with only one deputy from each nation. That man for the Americans will be Draper, who also stands a good chance of being asked to head the whole group.

Bogged Down

Over the Bordeaux-Mérignac aerodrome in southwestern France, pilots find it wise to buzz the field once before trying to land. Buzzing disperses the sheep that graze contentedly between the runways. At one end of the field the 126th Bombardment Wing of the U.S. Air Force makes its headquarters.

The 126th's communications office operates in the only usable portion of a sag-roofed shack set amidst girders of a bombed-out hangar. Most of the wing's 48 B-26 bombers are bunched like sitting ducks on a tiny concrete apron before the hangar. One or two, not finding room on the apron, squat dismally on the open field, so deep in mire that even their propeller tips are stuck fast. Theoretically, there is a large, revetted parking area available for the planes—but a French farmer has built a solid house and two barns right in the middle of its taxiway. Through the U.S. base runs a public road always open to French civilian traffic.

Plenty of Navigators. In theory, Mérignac is an important U.S. tactical air installation—the first of a series hopefully designed to protect a vital new supply route for U.S. and NATO forces in Europe. But there are no barracks, only tents. The wing's hospital is a jerry-built wooden structure whose ceiling drips water. The wing itself—the only U.S. tactical air outfit anywhere in France—is just as uneasy. The 126th is an Illinois Air National Guard outfit, originally an observation squadron which served in the Panama Canal Zone in World War II, later a fighter wing. It is commanded by a good airman: a veteran United Air Lines pilot named Frank Allen, 42, who led a B-17 group in North Africa and Europe in World War II. The 126th became a light bomber wing only four months before it was yanked back into federal service last March, got a refresher course of sorts in the States and was transferred to France last October. Half its 1,800 men were taken away to fill vacancies in Korea-bound units or for other reasons, and were replaced by reservists; all its radar technicians were transferred. They were replaced, inexplicably, by a deluge of navigators, enough for two to a plane.

Only 15 of the wing's bombers have crystals needed to tune their radios to

combat channels used by the U.S. Air Force in Europe. Although its theoretical mission is to prepare for night intruder operations, none of the planes has radar equipment for night bombing.

The foul-up at Merignac is an international affair. The wing itself, under the command of Brigadier General Allen, has hardly begun to whip itself into shape. The European Air Force command at Wiesbaden fell down on the job of getting Merignac ready for the 126th. And then there are the French.

Fancy Prices for Latrines. Under terms of a formal Franco-American agreement signed last November, the U.S. got the right to establish the Merignac base and other air, ground, ordnance and supply bases in France as part of the new NATO supply line. The French got legal title to all buildings and installations and the right to farm out all construction and repair work to French contractors and laborers. The U.S. had to channel payments through French bureaucracy.

The contracts were let by the Air Force at fancy prices. Examples: \$23,800 for 28 wooden tent frames, each 16 by 32 ft.; \$6,000 to paint and glaze a six-room shack for Base Operations; \$25,720 for three latrines; \$45,715 for a combination theater, recreation hall and basketball court. Workers, expecting to get something resembling the wages paid in the U.S., got only 64 francs (10¢) an hour, the lowest possible wage in the Bordeaux area.

The Baa of Sheep. "Of course it's not the fault of the Americans," a French labor union official admitted, "but psychologically the experience has been catastrophic. When the U.S. arrived here it had a chance to show how workers are treated back in America. Instead, it sat back and let a French contracting company run the show. The workers, seeing the American flag, put all the blame on the Americans."

The French around Bordeaux, after a first blush of enthusiasm over the prosperity they thought would arrive with the G.I.s, have now become sour and standoffish toward their guests. The men of the 126th return the uncomfortable apathy, keep to themselves on their weekend excursions to nearby cities and villages and look forward only to the summer when their federal hitchs may end and they can go back home.

Meanwhile, the symbol of U.S. air power in France sits hub-deep in the mud, while the sheep baa contentedly along the runways of Merignac field.

Achtung

Five years ago the Allied conquerors of Germany jointly abolished "all German land, naval and air forces . . . the General Staff, the officers' corps, reserve corps, military schools . . . other military and quasi-military organizations." The world cheered and said: "Never again."

Last week, confronted with an enemy who had already recruited a German army of his own, and encouraged, though with some misgivings, by the Western Allies, West Germany took the first steps to



THEODOR BLANK
Out went the goose step.

raise a new *Wehrmacht*. It fell to a sober, pale German official named Theodor Blank to broadcast the details of a new 300,000- to 400,000-man German military machine with:

- ¶ Twelve ground divisions of 12,500 men each—six motorized infantry, three heavy *Panzer* and three light *Panzer* divisions.
- ¶ An air force of 75,000 men and 1,000 to 1,500 modern planes.
- ¶ A "coastal defense force"—i.e., navy—of unpretentious strength.
- ¶ A selective service program to draft about 300,000 young Germans, 19 through 21, for 18-month military service.
- ¶ An initial hard-core cadre of 60,000 volunteers solicited from among veteran



HANS SPEIDEL
Back come the army.

officers and non-coms of the World War II *Wehrmacht* and *Luftwaffe*.

As anonymous as his name, Blank has been working over his blueprint for more than a year. No military man himself (he was a conscript in World War II), Blank is a trade union official, a wheel horse in Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party. He declares himself opposed to reviving a German military caste, but willing to assemble an army which will exist only inside the six-nation European Army. On this point, most Westerners accept his and Adenauer's sincerity.

To build the new German army, Blank has picked two generals who fought hard and well against the Allies:

MAJOR GENERAL ADOLF HEUSINGER, 55, wartime chief of operations for the General Staff. He served on the General Staff for 22 years in all, spent part of his forced postwar retirement writing a book of memoirs which dealt mainly with the German officer's problem of carrying out orders in which he did not believe.

MAJOR GENERAL HANS SPEIDEL, also 55, who was chief of staff to Field Marshal Rommel in France, later imprisoned for complicity in the 1944 bomb plot against Hitler, and liberated by the French army. A straight-backed man who thinks like a general but looks like a professor (after the war he taught history at Tubingen University), Speidel is the big military brain of revived West Germany. In his postwar memoirs (*Invasion 1944*), he showed a familiar German military rationalization—that the army would have won if it had not been stabbed in the back (in this case by Hitler). But Speidel, an easy, convincing debater and brilliant strategist, admires the French, and has proved to be one of the most persuasive champions of the European Army idea.

Before a German army can march again, it must be approved by the Bonn government (many Germans also have misgivings), and by the other partners in the proposed European Army—France, Italy and Benelux. To win their approval, Blank is making sure that on the new German army rolls there will be none of the old familiar names—Guderian, Kesselring, von Rundstedt, Mannstein. "This army," said a retired German officer, "will not be commanded by anyone you have read about in the papers."

The German soldier will not have German uniform, but the same uniform issued to all the other troops of the European Army. Also, promised Blank, there will be no more goose step.

THE IRON CURTAIN

Tidings of Much Joy

The blueshirted moppets of East Germany's Communist Youth Pioneers were having fun last week at a new game: bowling down ninepins labeled "Warmonger Adenauer," "Warmonger McCloy," "Warmonger Reuter," etc. "This game," explained East Germany's youth leaders, "will afford the children much joy and acquaint them with their greatest enemies."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Firm Appointment

As a battlefield, Malaya is small compared to Korea or Indo-China, but it boasts one of the dirtiest guerrilla wars on stage today. For close to four years, a handful of Communist-led bandits lurking in Malaya's jungles have terrorized the country, kept an army of British regulars and natives (140,000 at present) on the alert, and cost the government some \$140 million a year. The cost to the world in lost Malayan rubber and tin may have been far more.

Four months ago Sir Henry Gurney, Britain's High Commissioner in Malaya,



Associated Press
HIGH COMMISSIONER TEMPLER
Old war, new warrior.

was murdered by jungle Communists. Last week the British appointed a new High Commissioner to take his place: tall, lean, Anglo-Irish Sir Gerald Templer, one of the scrappiest fighters and toughest administrators in the British army. Winston Churchill had him fly the Atlantic to be looked over before being given a job which will require tact as well as toughness.

Piano Casualty. A brusque soldier who likes to raise his voice in regimental song, 53-year-old Gerald Templer began his fighting career on the Western Front in 1916. Since then, he has generally been found in the thick of things wherever & whenever Britain had a war or her hands: in the Caucasus against the Bolsheviks in 1919, in Palestine in 1935, at Dunkirk in 1940. In 1942 Gerald Templer became the youngest general in the British army, and probably the only one who was ever wounded by a grand piano. On Anzio Beach a truck loaded with loot ran into his jeep and dropped its biggest prize on the general's neck. The mishap put him in

the hospital for weeks and out of active fighting for good, but Templer soon talked his way into other jobs just as suited to his toughness.

As Britain's military governor in occupied Germany, he was a model of soldierly efficiency. "We must be firm to the point of ruthlessness," he declared. "If accommodation is urgently needed for a large group of D.P.s, the local mayor is given a curt order to clear the needed dwellings, the inhabitants being given five minutes to get out." Once, when cynical British army clerks in Brussels expressed doubt over the authenticity of atrocity stories about Belsen, Templer sent them over to the horror camp in trucks and made them shovel corpses as an object lesson.

Extra Authority. Such forthright methods should go far toward bringing order out of the chaos in Malaya's jungles. Some Britons, questioning Templer's appointment, last week wondered whether his methods would be as effective in soothing Malaya's populace, which, like all Eastern peoples, bristles with nationalistic pride and racial jealousies. Chief problem: winning over the 2,000,000 Chinese in Malaya, who control much of the colony's business but are denied political equality. Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton, recently returned from Malaya, says: "You cannot expect to overcome the emergency without the help of the civilian population [but] you cannot get the help of the civilian population without beginning to win the war." Gerald Templer, emphatically briefed by Churchill and Lyttelton on the political as well as the military hazards, will go to Malaya with more authority than any of his predecessors to do what he thinks right.

FRANCE

Faure to the Fore

Of the many called to give rudderless France a new government, the sixth chose to try. Striding crisply into the National Assembly, bespectacled Edgar Faure (pronounced fore) asked to be accepted as Premier. The Deputies, impressed by his agile answers to sharp questions, unexpectedly approved him by a hefty majority (401-to-101). Then he sat down to try to piece together a cabinet, the twelfth to govern France since war's end.

Neither well known nor widely regarded until last week, Faure, of the conservative Radical Socialist Party, was Minister of Justice in the recent Plevin government. At 43, he is France's youngest Premier since 1893. The son of an army surgeon, he became a lawyer at 10, later an expert in Russian and other Slavic languages, married a literary wife and, under a pseudonym, wrote three detective novels himself. Faure fled occupied France to join General Charles de Gaulle's Free French in 1943, became the movement's assistant secretary general, and came back to win a seat in the Assembly after the war.

Faure's survival depends on the sufferance of the Assembly, where he lacks the support of the biggest party (the Gaullists), is only tolerated by the No. 2 party, the Socialists, and scornfully rejected by the No. 3 party (the Communists). The Gaullists are still intent on letting France sink to such sorry straits that it will put De Gaulle in command. The Socialists were willing last week to let Faure come to power as head of a coalition of the center, but unwilling to make that coalition strong by joining it themselves. Faure's pieced-together cabinet of 40 ministers was dominated by familiar faces. Twenty-one of the 25 full ministers were in the last government, and Catholic Popular



Robert Faure—Black Star
PREMIER FAURE
New team, old faces.

Republicans again held the key jobs: Foreign Minister Robert Schuman as Foreign Minister and Georges Bidault in Defense. Faure's cabinet, in fact, looks much like the last one, except that it is weaker at the top: Edgar Faure, on the record, is no match for René Plevin, who is now jobless. No one was ready to bet that Faure would last long.

HONG KONG

"We Shall Return"

To Mao Tse-tung wealthy Hong Kong is a tempting morsel. Presumably Mao has but to declare his appetite, and the Crown Colony's 10,000 Britons, who live in a 391-sq. mi. territory with 2,000,000 Chinese in their midst, would be swallowed up almost overnight. Hong Kong's usual response to this has been to scratch Red China's back and to be as accommodating as possible to the Chinese within its gates.

Fortnight ago, the Hong Kong govern-



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ment abruptly changed its ways, apparently realizing at last that what detests Mao is not a kindly feeling towards the victim, but fear of the consequences. British-led police, in simultaneous middle-of-the-night raids, rounded up leaders of the Communist "Study Group," which had been spreading Red propaganda in Hong Kong's movie studios, charged them with "political activities subversive to peace and order" and chucked them out of the colony. *The Far Eastern Economic Review*, semi-official organ of Hong Kong's financiers, editorially reflected the new boldness: "Formosa must remain [a citadel] until Peking can be made . . . less aggressive . . ." said the *Review*. "Chiang Kai-shek's prestige is recovering. He is now looked upon as an ally of considerable value."

The Communists reacted angrily. Last week Canton's Communist radio flatly announced: "Hong Kong is part of Chinese territory." Boasted Playwright Sema Wen-shen, deported chairman of the so-called Red Study Group: "We shall return soon to eliminate all reactionary elements."

INDIA

Cymbals & Symbols

By plane, ship, train, automobile and bullock cart, India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru had been campaigning all over the country, stirring up votes for India's four-month-long first general election. He had traveled 23,000 miles, made as many as ten speeches a day, addressed 25 million people. In fact, he had been just about everywhere but in his own constituency in Allahabad. There was no need to canvass Allahabad, he said rather airily.

Last week he got distressing news. His only opponent in Allahabad, 52-year-old Prabhudatt Brahmachari, who wears a luxuriant grey beard, orange- and red-rimmed spectacles, a saffron robe and a long white loincloth, had been quietly building up the vote. Quietly was the word for it: he had done it without uttering a single sound, except an occasional loud laugh.

One Plank. Back in 1921 Brahmachari, like Nehru, came under the spell of Mahatma Gandhi, but Brahmachari became a sadhu, or holy man. He took vows of silence and celibacy, was jailed several times by the British (once along with Nehru), set up a camp on the banks of the River Ganges to study the Hindu epics, and wrote the first 60 volumes of a



SOCIALISTS



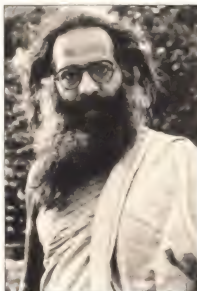
COMMUNISTS



CONGRESS PARTY

180-volume biography of the Hindu god Krishna. One day last October he cried out: "He nath Narayan!" (meaning, "Oh, Lord God," the holy man's only departure from silence). An attendant brought him his Shaeffer fountain pen and paper. He wrote: "If today I participate in an election, it's because my innermost voice bids me do so."

Brahmachari had but one plank in his platform: uncompromising opposition to



HOLY MAN BRAHMACHARI
That "black Englishman," Nehru . . .

the Nehru-sponsored Hindu Code Bill, which sanctions inter-caste marriage, relaxes the prohibition against marriage between cousins seven times removed, and, for the first time, makes divorce possible—though still very difficult—for Hindu women. Wrote Brahmachari: "The Hindu Code Bill will ruin religion, confuse castes, undermine the authority of the Scriptures, damage Hindu culture, split every family, pit brothers against sis-

ters, and profit only lawyers." Nehru, he said, is "a black Englishman [who] studied in the West . . . and is so stuffed with its ways that he wants us all to adopt Christian customs."

Holy Man Brahmachari toured Nehru's constituency in a 1931 Dodge sedan, accompanied by a troupe of Hindu singers. To the chanting of Hindu psalms, he danced on the platform, rhythmically tapping a pair of small brass cymbals. A disciple read from a pamphlet he had written, Brahmachari on U.S. divorce: "I have heard that in America . . . women marry and divorce as many as three husbands a day, and there are some women who have had several hundred spouses each." On U.S. marriage: "An Indian student, visiting an American cemetery, found a young woman seated by the side of a tomb, fanning it with her hand. He asked her: 'Are you trying to emulate the famous love of the Hindu women for their husbands?' He explained that in India women think that their husbands are almost gods. The young woman said: 'My husband and I loved each other, but when he died he made me promise that I would not remarry so long as his tomb was wet. I am fanning it so that it will become dry quickly and I can marry my current sweetheart.'"

Hearing that Brahmachari's pamphlet had sold 76,000 copies, Nehru came rushing back to Allahabad last week with the challenge: "I shall fight to the end for the Hindu Code Bill. No country can dream of progress if it neglects the cause of its womenfolk." Snapped Nehru: "Rich people are behind Brahmachari . . . None else but the big black-marketeers, moneylenders, and landlords who are scared that Congress will soon do away with their feudal possessions." This week, as Allahabad voters went to the polls, Nehru seemed to have his constituency under control again. The whole country was pretty much his, too.

No Repeaters. Religious fanaticism was an expected obstacle in India's great democratic election experiment. Unexpected was the emergence of the Communist Party as Nehru's major parliamentary opposition. In the state assemblies of Travancore, Hyderabad and Madras (with the voting in 187 seats still uncounted), the Communists have captured 99 seats out of 658. Contrary to early fears, the huge electorate (176 million) have behaved with great orderliness at the polls, where their fingers were marked with indelible ink to prevent repeating, and where symbols have been substituted for the names of candidates on ballot boxes



S.C.F. PARTY



MAHASABHA



MARNISTS

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Everywhere Nehru's Congress Party candidates are symbolized by a pair of yoked oxen, the Socialists (who are being left in the shade) by a large banyan tree, the Communists by a sickle and three ears of grain. One Benares independent chose a camel, startled the Holy City by staging a procession of 100 camels through the streets. Another chose a rose, began distributing roses among his constituents. An anti-Prohibitionist made his symbol a bottle (he lost). The Religionists went in for rising suns and burning lamps. Holy Man Brahmachari chose a boat.

With one-third of the halloing complete last week, the position of the main parties was: Congress Party, 68%; Communists, 10%; Socialists, 4%. Forecasts of the final vote (complete Feb. 15) give Nehru's Congress Party 400 out of 497 seats in the federal legislature, and majorities in 24 out of 26 state assemblies.

SAUDI ARABIA

Trouble for Aramco

Nothing was too good for old Ibn Saud, monarch of Saudi Arabia. Did he want a railroad? The Arabian American Oil Co. began a standard-gauge, 350-mile Arabian railroad, though convinced that highways would be more practical. Did he consider eight seats on the regular U.S.-bound T.W.A. plane too few to set aside for one of his 30-odd sons? A special plane was wheeled up. Aramco tried its best to anticipate Ibn Saud's every wish, from arranging lend-lease for Saudi Arabia and a cowboy outfit for one of the young princes to furnishing limousines, sweet water and gleaming refrigerators. U.S. technicians headed for duty in Saudi Arabia were assiduously schooled in Arab courtesy. No Christian chapel was built on the Aramco concession for fear of offending Ibn Saud's hard-shell Moslem subjects. The company wanted no trouble; it wanted to be allowed to stay around and get out the oil.

For His Majesty. For its pains, Aramco (owned by California Standard, Texaco, New Jersey Standard, Socony-Vacuum) got 440,000 square miles of Ibn Saud's domain, the world's largest oil concession, the most productive (866,000 barrels daily) and one of the most profitable.

Last year, when the Middle East blazed with disputes between oil companies and kings over royalties, Aramco announced a 50-50 profit split with Ibn Saud, increasing his 1951 oil royalties from \$60 million to \$100 million. Other oil companies, particularly Anglo-Iranian, privately deplored such generosity, but belatedly offered to do likewise. American-British-owned Kuwait Oil Co. had to give Kuwait's Sheik an even better split, and American-British-Dutch-French-owned Iraq Petroleum topped that by agreeing to bring Iraqis into the board of directors.

Last week the wave that Aramco set rolling swept back over the company: 72-year-old Ibn Saud decided he wanted more from Aramco. He summoned Aramco chiefs, complained excitedly: "Every



IBN SAUD
Want a railroad?

Associated Press

time there's a decision to be made, you say you have to refer it to New York. Well, in the future, let's refer it here."

New Home. Jittery over what happened in nearby Iran, Aramco wasted no time arguing. The company promptly announced that it was moving its operating headquarters from New York to Dhahran. Board Chairman W. S. S. Rodgers, who is also chairman of the Texas Co., resigned. Into office as chairman went old Middle East Hand F. A. Davies, veteran oil diplomat, who has been serving as Aramco's executive vice president. The new chairman and other top executives would henceforth live in Saudi Arabia.

But the grizzled old warrior wanted more. By week's end, four directors, two vice presidents and two legal counselors converged on Riyadh and began soothing Ibn Saud. Before they are through, Aramco may have to: 1) admit Saudi Arabians to its board, 2) agree to pay more of Ibn Saud's royalties in dollars, less in sterling, 3) finance the Gulf-to-Mecca railway.

Said a vice president, mopping his brow: "It's a crisis, but not the really bad one. The bad crisis will come later."

IRAN

Failure of a Mission

In two years as Britain's ambassador, Sir Francis Shepherd, 59, a professional diplomat, saw his nation's power and influence in Iran fall to the lowest point in half a century, and bore some share of the responsibility. Disliking and underrating Premier Mossadegh, he argued long and often with him, considered Harriman's mission to try to patch things up an unwarranted intrusion by the U.S., and made it plain that he thought Mossadegh could be starved into submission.

Last week the British Foreign Office announced that it was replacing Sir Francis in Iran. His successor: Iranian-speaking



1. When Colonel Ken, Kentucky-bred, comes north from his plantation, he always wires ahead to get a Statler reservation. "Ah travel quite a piece," he drawls, "and always feel it's best to stay at Statler, where Ah sholy am a guest."



2. "A Southern Colonel always feels he knows a thoroughbred, and Ah know one that beats 'em all—mah good old Statler bed. It's soft as blue grass in a field, and after all, why not? Eight hundred thirty-seven springs are what each bed has got."



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4. "And in the Statler dining room the chicken, southern-fried, is so blame good it almost wounds mah famous Southern pride. And all the other food is grand—the portions, Ah declare, are just about as generous as Ah've found them anywhere."



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Robert Hankey, 46, now Minister in Budapest and once Anthony Eden's assistant private secretary. This week, Iran refused to accept him.

EGYPT

Blessed Day

"Wolad! Wolad! [It's a boy]," cried one of the palace physicians in triumph. King Farouk, who had sat sleepless all night in the next room, entered his wife's bedchamber with tears in his eyes, took his blond newborn son in his arms and kissed him. "Thanks, Pasha," the King told Obstetrician Ibrahim Magdi Bey, his words automatically bestowing a title on the lucky doctor. Then, reverently, he kissed his 18-year-old Queen Narriman on the brow and left the room.

Joyous Boom. Too excited to stand on ceremony, Egypt's King picked up a telephone himself to break the good news to the Prime Minister. "On this blessed day," proclaimed the national radio a few minutes later, "when the sun of smiling hope arose and the most shining diamond in the Crown of the Nile Valley lighted, the Royal Cabinet announces the birth of Prince Ahmed Fuad . . ."

Little (7 lbs. 7 oz.) Fuad, heir not only to the throne of Egypt, but to a private fortune of some \$70 million, was promptly created Prince of Upper Egypt, Farouk's own title before he became King. Since Fuad I, crowned in 1923, all children born to the dynasty have been given names beginning with F, which is considered lucky.* The palace decreed a two-day holiday to celebrate his arrival. For every boy born in Egypt on the same day there was a gift of £15. "I want to do something," said King Farouk, "to express my gratitude to God. All I can do is to open my heart to all people, and to forgive anybody who has hurt me . . ." Equally forgiving was Farouk's ex-Queen Farida, summarily divorced in 1948 because she had borne him no sons. She sent a message to her ex-husband: "Am very happy that your dearest wish is now realized."

Angry Boom. Despite the brief pause for refreshments, Egypt's unforgiving nationalists continued their fight with Britain. At the northern end of the Suez Canal Zone, Prince Fuad's royal salutes were echoed in the rattle of gunfire at Port Said, during a four-hour clash between Britons and guerrillas. In Cairo and Zagazig, the funerals of six Egyptians killed in a clash at Tell el-Kebir led to further rioting. Mourners charged on nightclubs and movie houses like so many Carry Nations, demanding a cessation of frivolity out of respect to the dead.

Egypt's government, which alternately stirs and quells fanatic nationalism, sent cops to restore order at the nightspots. Prince Fuad would need the lucky Fs of Fate and Fortune on his side if his country were to avoid a disastrous Foul-Up before he became a man.

* Fuad I sired Farouk, Fawzia, Faiza, Faika and Fathia, Farouk's three daughters (by wife No. 1) are Ferial, Fawzia and Fadia.

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We're all responsible!

Not because of the 42,000,000 cars we use traveling to work and play. Not because we need 9,000,000 trucks, large and small, to transport a major share of all commodities, including 90% of our food.

We're responsible because we haven't moved, individually and as a nation, to get enough roads built to handle the traffic.

America is slogging along in 1952 on roads that were scarcely adequate for even 1935's traffic. Today, we've twenty million more vehicles than then—and millions more are in the offing.

Why has our road building fallen so woefully behind our needs?

Is it because of the cost? No. Sufficient modern, multilane expressways, designed for heavy traffic, would cost only a part of the huge toll in wasted time, wasted gasoline, higher hauling costs and traffic-accident deaths that present conditions exact.

Is it because of the labor involved? No. Modern road-construction machines, thrusting rapidly ahead on

the giant pneumatic earth-mover tires that made them possible, can do the work of thousands of men and teams.

There's just one answer: we're road-starved because we haven't made a strong demand for a national road-building program. This is what America needs.

A program designed to save YOU those extra, cramped hours spent inching along overcrowded roads—to save YOU that gasoline you now must waste—to save YOU money in extra hauling costs run up by trucks that must move at snail's pace.

If you want it, YOU must demand it!

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Immunity Ended

When Benito Remedios' roosters lost cockfights, Cubans said, he wrung the cowards' necks with his own hands. Once, when a brand-new \$7,500 Cadillac refused to start, he rattled its recalcitrant carburetor with bullets.

The hot-tempered lord of an \$8,000,000 sugar, tobacco and pineapple kingdom, hulking Benito Remedios, 64, was more or less a law unto himself. To make good & sure, he had for 20 years bought a seat in Congress from one party or another ("I'll pay twice as much as anyone else," was his slogan). That gave him the comfortable protection of congressional immunity from arrest for such peccadillos as slugging impertinent policemen or beating up bus drivers. Over the years 76 charges, none of which had been prosecuted, piled up against him.

One day last week Remedios stopped his shiny sedan at a busy downtown Havana intersection and told his chauffeur to wait. Traffic Policeman Carlos Gutiérrez presently walked over and handed the chauffeur a parking ticket. Returning, Remedios leaped at the cop, grabbed him by the shirt and shook him. "You can't do that to me," he snarled. "I am Representative Benito Remedios and I am going to kill you."

Snatching at the cop's holster to keep him from drawing, Remedios reached for his own pistol. But in the scuffle Remedios slipped on the curb and fell, dragging Gutiérrez down. Landing on top, Gutiérrez grabbed for his pistol and fired five times into the Congressman's back and head. Remedios, still clutching his own gun, rolled over, dying.

MEXICO

Torera from Texas

Poised and slim in his sober, unteined bullfighter's costume, blonde Patricia McCormick flashed her scarlet cape at the second of her two bulls. The first had been tame and lackluster. The crowd at the Juárez bull ring knew that if the first U.S. professional *torera's* debut was to be a success, this fight had better be good.

Dedicating the bull to her mother, the 22-year-old Texas girl took bold command. Four times she drew the bull's charges in neat *pases naturales*, once so narrowly that blood from his flank streaked her tight-fitting pants. "Ole, huerá! [Nice going, blonde!]" yelled the crowd. Then Pat executed a series of *gaoneras* (passes in which the muleta is held with one hand outstretched, the other behind the back). On one rush a horn grazed and jarred her. The fans yelled as they had not yelled since the great Manolete fought years ago in Juárez.

After two unsuccessful tries at the kill, Pat coolly wiped the blood from her hands and swaggered across the ring. Tak-

ing careful aim, she went in over the horns a third time, her feet leaving the ground as she sank the *espada* to the hilt. The fans poured into the ring to acclaim her triumph; the judges awarded her both the bull's ears. One judge babbled "*Muchas gracias*" over & over into a microphone. Pat's mother wept. Her father, a Texas oil engineer who had nerved himself to attend only at the last minute, cheered wildly. Cigarette in trembling hand, Pat accepted congratulations from ex-Bullfighter Alejandro del Hierro, her coach and sponsor since she quit a fine-arts course at El Paso's Texas Western College last year to study the art of bullfighting. Del Hierro had believed in Pat's courage from the test day last September when she was

units to the defense of Western Europe.

As Pearkes saw it: "In Europe there are hundreds of thousands of young men available for the infantry regiments of their own armies. Canada [has] sent the very type of soldier most plentiful in Europe, placing reliance on numbers rather than hitting power. It is not a few extra riflemen that are required . . . but highly mobile, hard-hitting units able to develop the greatest possible volume of fire with the minimum number of men. We can never compete with Russia, matching man for man."

Old Soldier Pearkes, who won the Victoria Cross in World War I and commanded a Canadian brigade overseas in World War II, made it clear that he was



PAT MCCORMICK MAKING THE KILL
"Nice going, blonde!"

Associated Press

knocked down, trampled and tossed in the air—and then returned unwaveringly to kill the bull.

This week Novillera Pat plans to go to Hollywood for movie and TV appearances. From there, she will go to New York for a radio show. After that, Trainer del Hierro thinks she should buckle down to steady practice, especially at cape-work, so as to be at her best for Mexico's novillero season this summer.

CANADA

Wide Open to Criticism

Major General George Randolph Pearkes, the Progressive Conservative Party's parliamentary military critic, found plenty to criticize on a recent visit to Canada's 27th Infantry Brigade in Western Germany. Back home in Victoria, B.C. last week, he made a nationwide broadcast assailing Canada's decision to send infantrymen instead of armored

not opposing military aid to Europe. "It is the form of help I consider so wrong," he said. "Canada . . . has wonderful facilities for the training of airmen and . . . armored formations and, coupled with these, a huge industrial potential. These factors are not available to our European allies."

Defense officials in Ottawa were silent in the face of Pearkes's criticism. Privately they agreed with him and would gladly bring Canada's overseas forces up to Pearkes's specifications, if the necessary equipment were available for the change-over. But neither Britain nor the U.S. can yet supply tanks in the numbers needed. The same is true of planes; Canada plans to send eleven squadrons overseas, but has been able to deliver only three for lack of front-line aircraft. Until such shortages are licked, the government is committed to its infantry brigade, urgently requested by General Eisenhower as a morale-builder for Western Europe.

PEOPLE

Prejudices & Propositions

After listening attentively to the songs from Broadway's *Kiss Me, Kate*, the Australian Broadcasting Commission decided that some of the **Cole Porter** lyrics were not fit for Aussie ears, banned the playing of *I Hate Men*, *Too Darn Hot*, *Always True to You in My Fashion*, and *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*.

Uncle Tom made news behind the Iron Curtain. A new edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the classic anti-slavery novel by **Harriet Beecher Stowe**, went on sale in Budapest as the newspaper *Magyar Nemzet* assured its readers that "in Truman's America they try to hide this book."^{*}

A federal grand jury in Chicago indicted **Ralph ("Bottles") Capone**, crime syndicate boss and brother of the late, notorious Al, on a charge of income-tax evasion. He had failed to list all his assets when he offered \$25,000 to settle a tax bill of \$92,667 for 1922-28.

Rock-jawed Cinemactor **John (Stagecoach) Wayne**, 44, recently named for the second time by movie exhibitors as Hollywood's No. 1 box-office draw, announced "with regrets" on his sixth wedding anniversary that he and his Mexican-born wife, **Esperanza Baur**, had separated, but hoped to patch it up eventually.

Still in good voice, **Lady Astor**, who used to swap bitter words in the House of Commons with **Winston Churchill**, told a Manchester luncheon club that she'd had a change of heart: "We've never exactly been buddies. I never thought the time would come when I would say,

"Thank God for Winston Churchill." But I do now. We need a man of courage and vision. We are in the worst jam we have ever been in, and unless every man, woman and child wakes up, we will go completely down the drain."

Great Expectations

After weeks of tabloid ballyhoo, curious patrons, including her Texas playboy husband **Sheppard King**, packed into a Miami Beach nightclub for the American premiere of **Samia Gamal's** torso-twisting harem dance. In bare feet, a gossamer pink skirt slit down the middle, gold tassels glittering round her bare midriff, Samia slithered through four minutes of her "real oriental art." Then she hurried



SAMIA GAMAL

A Band-Aid for her toe.

to her dressing room for a Band-Aid for her big toe, which she had cut on the glass floor. Critical consensus: domestic burlesque is good, too.

The **Duke and Duchess of Windsor**, who gave up their 30-room Antibes estate two years ago, had French real estate agents scouting for another country home. Their requirements this time: something small, near a golf course, with three or four bedrooms and enough space for twelve servants.

Dressed in the grey habit of the Sisterhood of Marthus and Mary, a charitable order she helped found in Athens several years ago, **Princess Alice** of Greece, mother of the **Duke of Edinburgh** and granddaughter of **Queen Victoria**, arrived in Manhattan for her third cross-country fund-raising tour. The \$10,000 raised two



MARCHESA MARCONI & DAUGHTER

A bust for an anniversary.

years ago, she said, was used to buy a home for the order, which cares for the poor and the sick. "I am very hopeful this time that I can get enough money to enlarge our plant so that I will not have to come back again asking for money."

In Los Angeles, **Old Heavyweight Jack Dempsey**, 57, announced that he was sponsoring an International Novice Tournament to find a new heavyweight hope. To uncover amateurs at least 18 years old and weighing more than 175 lbs., Dempsey said he would flood the nation's boys' clubs and gyms with posters headed "An opportunity for fame and fortune for the heavyweight youths of the world," and arguing that a fight career is not as bad as reformers paint it.

Late Blooming Posies

The **Marchesa Maria Cristina Marconi**, widow of the man who made radio practical, and daughter **Elettra** arrived in Pittsburgh to unveil a bronze bust of her husband commemorating the 50th anniversary of his first wireless message sent from Cornwall, England to Newfoundland.

In Washington, Secretary of the Army **Frank Pace** handed out the first four brand-new Armed Forces Reserve Medals authorized last fall for members of the Reserve and National Guard who have spent ten years in "honorable and satisfactory service." Among the winners: Major General **Julius Ochs Adler**, vice president and general manager of the *New York Times*, a member of the Reserve for 35 years and now commander of the 77th Infantry Division, a Reserve outfit.

At a solemn West Point ceremony on the 100th anniversary of his appointment as eighth superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy, General **Robert E. Lee** was "welcomed back." His portrait, the first in the academy to show a man in Confederate uniform, was hung next to that of General **Ulysses S. Grant**.

* First published in 1851 as a magazine serial, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been translated into at least 23 languages, is still carried on the current lists of four U.S. publishing houses.



PRINCESS ALICE

Cross-country for charity.

PERSONALITY

(This week the season's first big horse race—the \$50,000 Santa Margarita Handicap—will be run at Santa Anita, California's finest track. The two probable favorites, Bed o' Roses and Next Move, both belong to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.—Ed.)

ALTHOUGH Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's background is New York and *Social Register*, he was born in England ("I think mother miscalculated") and he has spent much of his 39 years working, in slacks and sweater, around horses. He lasted through only a year and a half of Yale, and then quit because he thought he knew what he wanted—"Fortunately I was right; I wanted race track."

When he was 21, he took over his mother's Sagamore Stable, a little enthusiastically. At one time, he had 86 horses in training, a group too large to be handled effectively. Now the stable averages about 30 and is far more successful. During the past two years, it has picked up some \$900,000 in purses.

When Vanderbilt came into racing, he was determined not to act like a man who was heir to \$8,500,000 and a high social background. In this endeavor his appearance was no handicap. A tall, weedy man with the slouchy good looks of a boy down from school, he fitted in easily with the working side of race-track life. He could be found of mornings consorting with exercise boys, grooms, clockers and indescribables around the back stretch of various race tracks. Later, when he got into the management of Baltimore's Pimlico track, he did something that was even worse; he took advice extensively from newspapermen.

It turned out that this was youth and inexperience, as harmless as chickenpox; in his convalescent state he realized that stablemen didn't need company as much as they needed better living accommodations. During the three years he was president of Belmont Park, he fought the favoritism the big stables got, and put in shower rooms and sleeping facilities in the public stables. He still listens to advice, even from newspapermen, but it just goes into the general fund.

NOW as president of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations and a former steward of the Jockey Club, he is, he says with a slight flavor of amusement, "at the policy level." The Jockey Club, a body which deliberates deeply but does not always emerge with deep conclusions, doesn't always know what level he is at. One of his amusements is to slip through the registry a name for a horse which the registrar will later regret. An example of this was False Front. The registrar did not note that the dam was named Superficial.

His approach to racing is basically sane and even serious, but with an upper layer of humor. There was, for instance, the time he sent Rusty Gate out hopelessly for the Saratoga Cup and, instead of riding orders, gave Ted Atkinson a sandwich, a container of milk and a wrist compass, remarking he might be out a long time.

Into one pitfall he never fell. For all his interest in racing and breeding thoroughbreds, he was never a pedigree expert, a profession in which two and two must somehow be brought to equal five. "I breed Discovery to Galley Slave," he says, restating the old maxim: "Breed the best to the best and hope for the best."

He rides what fox hunters call an independent line, meaning that he does not necessarily follow the hounds. If the course he chooses involves the trodden path, so much the better. But if it involves cutting through the underbrush, that's where he goes. At Pimlico, he took the obvious steps of increasing purses and starting a healthy publicity campaign. But he also flouted tradi-

tion by scooping the sacred "hilltop" out of the infield, and he cast the deciding vote for the sale of liquor on the grounds. This shock was sharpened a little by the fact that he does not drink. "I haven't any scruples. I just haven't yet. Might start tomorrow. But you'd be surprised how many people remember big drinking parties they've been on with me."

The let's-stick-together attitude of the New York tracks, which gears the speed of all to the slowest, was not for Vanderbilt, and he made the owners of other tracks unhappy, because their purses began to look untenably small against Belmont's. There must have been a slight private sigh of relief when he went into the Navy in the spring of 1942.

He showed the same characteristics there. Prowling behind Japanese lines in the vicious little PT boats was all right. But comparatively safe service in a cruiser in the Aleutians wasn't. "With the PTs, you ran your own show. The big-ship Navy's not for me," he said. He got a Silver Star for gallantry in action, which he explains by saying that his commander wanted the outfit to have a good record.



ALFRED VANDERBILT

HE DOES serious work without taking it or himself seriously. As T.R.A. president, he set out to visit all the tracks in the association, but he did it with an air of just dropping in. Perhaps an earlier experience was responsible for this diplomatic casualness. In 1947, he went to Lexington with his fine filly Petrify, and noted with pleased surprise a banner strung across Main Street, reading, WELCOME VANDERBILT. "I thought that was real Kentucky hospitality," he says, "until I found out Kentucky was playing Vanderbilt University that afternoon."

He does not share the complacency with which the Eastern tracks took their leadership, and he innovated freely. The starting gate with closed stalls was a dubious experiment on the West Coast when he heard of it and brought it to Pimlico. Now some form of this gate is standard equipment on all tracks. He introduced the present type of finish camera and the Teletimer to Eastern tracks. Not all his experiments were successful, but his percentage was good.

He has a few hobbies—a power cruiser, a little tennis, an interest in the publication of classroom periodicals of the "Young America" series, and he has been known to watch one of his good horses saddled and at the same time hold to his ear a small portable radio which whispered of the doings of the Brooklyn Dodgers—but none of these engage him very deeply. He reads extensively and without much pattern—"about three-fourths new, one-fourth backlog"—and takes interest enough in national politics that he once "put in a hell of a week" for Stassen during the Philadelphia convention.

MUSIC is another sideline. He plays the organ recognizably, but it's primarily a listening interest. Once he gave CBS Board Chairman William Paley an idea for gingering up a radio show, and as a reward gets all of Columbia's classical and semiclassical record releases.

On other occasions, too, he has displayed unsuspected talents. When CBS was stuck for a commentator in its early telecasts of racing, Vanderbilt handled the first few shows capably. "I got a good notice from Crosby," he says. And during an early acquaintance with Ernest Hemingway, he became adept at handling the tablecloth when Hemingway decided to play bullfight.

Vanderbilt has achieved an enviable balance between not having enough to do to keep him interested, and having so much to do that it keeps him scrambling. And he has managed what James Branch Cabell points to as the secret of the gallant attitude, "to accept the pleasures of life leisurely, and its inconveniences with a shrug."

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SCIENCE



R.A.F.'s GA-5 INTERCEPTOR
Wings from Hitler's Reich.

Flying Triangle

The public got a good look last week at Britain's spectacular new interceptor, the Gloster GA-5. Photographed for the first time in the air, the bizarre, dartlike R.A.F. plane marks a milestone in aviation: the coming-of-age of the "delta" wing.*

Conceived in the wind tunnels and laboratories of Hitler's Third Reich, the delta wing passed its early years as a kind of aeronautical curiosity, something for designers to toy with when they sketched supersonic planes of the future. Then turbojet and rocket experts began to turn out engines that had enough power to shove a man-carrying airplane up toward the speed of sound. The fantastic troubles of high-speed flight changed from drawing-board theory into tough, practical problems.

Schoolboy's Dart. Airplanes with conventional wings have been known to run into trouble at high speeds. Near the sonic barrier, the turbulent air shoved aside by wings and fuselage offers so much resistance that to go still faster requires extravagant power. Given that power, some straight-winged planes do push through into supersonic flight, e.g., Bell's rocket-powered X-1 (TIME, April 18, 1949). But there are tense moments while they pass through disturbed air.

Aeronautical engineers find it relatively easy to design a fuselage almost unaffected by speed. Wings are harder. Even if wings are satisfactory at high speeds, they still have to fly safely at the low (150-160 m.p.h.) speeds of landing and take-off. As the engineers continued to study supersonics, they learned to 1) keep the wings as thin as possible in relation to width, 2) keep the wing span small in relation to width and 3) sweep the wings back sharply as they stretch away from the fuselage. These tricks of design, they

discovered, add up to a wing like an arrow-head or a schoolboy's paper dart.

Wide & Thin. Once they began to build experimental delta wings (Convair's XF-92 was the first to fly in 1948), airplane manufacturers discovered other advantages of what the designers call "delta configuration." The strain of high-speed flight tends to bend the airframe out of line. Without adding too much weight, the triangular structure can be built stiff enough to eliminate this danger. A relatively thin wing and its short fuselage have room for fuel tanks, landing gear and auxiliary equipment.

Some designers believe that the wide delta wing is so stable in flight that it does not need the balancing action of a horizontal tail. All the necessary controls except the rudder, they say, can be built into its trailing edge. And a fast-acting electronic auto-pilot can be added to stop the bucking and pitching that have been known to flip a tailless plane into the beginning of a fatal somersault. But the GA-5, as an added measure of safety, carries a small delta tail high on its rakish fin.

Biggest drawback to delta wing planes is their performance at low speeds. To maintain lift during landing and take-off they must hold their noses awkwardly high, limiting the pilot's vision at times when he needs it most. But there are fighters already on the drawing board that will meet this difficulty with adjustable wings.

The tremendous speeds of tomorrow's jet bombers will cut down the precious minutes between the time the bombers are detected by early warning radar and the time a defending plane can climb to altitude. Interceptors that can cruise and fight at more than 1,000 m.p.h. will be a necessity. Planes like the GA-5, each of whose two turbojet engines is more powerful at high speeds than all four piston engines of a World War II Superfort, may be equal to the task. Airmen are hopeful, but they know there is many an agonizing slip between prototype and production fighter.

* There are about half a dozen other delta wing planes, but most of those in the U.S. and Britain are research vehicles. The GA-5 is the first to be equipped with twin jets.

Radar Man

Scottish-born Robert Watson-Watt was once a meteorologist in Britain's weather bureau. His interest at the time was thunderstorms, and he worked out a radio device to track their movements at great distances. Little by little, he learned how to track other things in the air besides thunderstorms.

As World War II approached, Watson-Watt's "radiolocation," now sponsored by the Air Ministry, became a top military secret. British firms were given orders to make peculiar parts for some mysterious device. When German bombers attacked Britain, the bombers found the island ringed with radar eyes that picked up the planes, tracked them accurately, and told the R.A.F.'s interceptors just where to find them. Without Watson-Watt's radar, the Air Battle of Britain might have been the start of an invasion and a quick German victory.

Last week Watson-Watt, now "Sir Robert," already knighted as one of the architects of victory in the Battle of Britain, got another reward: £50,000 (\$140,000), tax free, from the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors. Other British contributors to the development of radar shared £37,950. British scientists agreed that the decision was a fair one. It had been reached after long deliberation by a seven-man commission of lawyers, scientists and businessmen, presided over by Lord Justice Cohen, Lord of Appeal.

The British government has the right in wartime to take over all inventions without payment. After the war, it pays off. Some of the ministries, on their own responsibilities, grant payments to inventors whose claims are clear. In this way Sir Frank Whittle got £100,000 for his jet engine work. He did not even apply for payment.

More complicated cases, such as the



G. Douglas

INVENTOR WATSON-WATT
Eyes for the Battle of Britain.

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radar award, are submitted to a commission, which listens to pleas, calls witnesses and weighs evidence very much as if it were a regular court of law. There is nothing sudden about its deliberations. The commission formed after World War I sat for 17 years and passed out a total of £1,500,000. The present commission has been at work since 1946, and has thus far awarded £600,000.

Fast Student

The student put to the test at the University of Illinois was 8½ ft. tall, 10 ft. wide at the shoulders, and packed with green-faced cathode-ray tubes and little red neon lights. The name was ORDVAC (Ordnance Variable Automatic Computer), and ORDVAC proved remarkably handy with figures.

While officers from Army Ordnance, which owns ORDVAC, watched with admiration, the Illinois professors who built the machine fed problem after problem into its twinkling innards. ORDVAC added numbers at the rate of 10,000 per second. It finished twelve-digit problems in multiplication (e.g., 428,045,437,246 times 342,873,937,895) in one thousandth of a second. It did complex problems that required it to "remember" elaborate sets of instructions. It "generated" 352 random numbers and manipulated them in the subtle ways that delight mathematicians. One endurance test, involving floods of figures, took twelve hours. Every 45 seconds, ORDVAC reported smugly that progress was being made.

Leading feature of ORDVAC is its capacious and accurate memory, as important to an electronic computer as to a human brain. ORDVAC's memory dwells in 40 cathode-ray tubes, which look like small television tubes. On the face of each flash 1,024 glowing green dots, and at each of these positions a bit of information can be stored electrically. When ORDVAC needs such recollections, it can extract them from the tubes in 36 millionths of a second. No other computer's memory is both so large and so fast.

Like other electronic computers, ORDVAC is comparatively tongue-tied—like a bright child who won't show off before company. It does its mathematical feats much faster than it can report them. In two seconds, for instance, it can calculate the cubes of all numbers from 1 through 2,000, but it takes an hour and a quarter to write down the answers on an electrically operated typewriter. Professor Ralph E. Meagher and his staff hope to make the typewriter run five times as fast. Even so, ORDVAC will not be able to express itself freely.

ORDVAC was considered to have passed the final exam. It will soon be moved to the Army's ballistics research laboratory at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, where formidable problems on guns, guided missiles, etc., are awaiting attention. In two weeks of work, ORDVAC's creators estimate, it can solve a problem that would take a human equipped with a standard desk calculator more than 1,000 years.

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Shrike (by Joseph Kramm) is a scary blend of theatricalism and truth—a case history of an intelligent man who, having attempted suicide, is brought to the psychiatric ward of a city hospital. Completely sane, he comes up against maddening institutional methods of both procedure and inquiry. And beyond his medical inquisitors, there is the wife he has deserted for another woman. Outwardly all devotion to the man who scorned her, she is viciously determined he shall not walk out of the hospital into any arms but her own. Half-crazed by the hospital's methods of therapy and by relationships in which it is the doctors who must not



FERRER & EVELYN

Goose pimples and a few questions.

be antagonized, Jim Downs finally pretends love for his wife so as to be released into her custody—which means held permanently in her clutches. Hence the title; the shrike is a bird that impales its prey on thorns.

The Shrike is a relentless, gripping theater piece—one man's horror story that might easily be more than one man's fate. It is a tale of doors closing, one by one, until a door opens at the end—upon the outskirts of hell. Even its chief flaw as playwriting—it slightly scrambles the picture of an institution with the predicament of a man—enhances it as theater.

The documentary method proves a drawback because, far more than imaginative drama, documents exist to be scrutinized. On a factual basis, it is improbable that hospital psychiatrists, however literal-minded, would to a man misread both Jim and his wife. Documents can also get flat-toned, but, thanks to the production, *The Shrike* very seldom does. José Ferrer acts Jim Downs with wonderful

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quiet skill. Equally distinguished is his staging of the play, with its large, hand-picked cast that includes Judith Evelyn in the tough role of the wife. Powerful enough to raise goose pimples, *The Shrike* is yet plausible enough to raise a few questions about city hospitals.

Fancy Meeting You Again (by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath) are the right words for what the audience felt about the play. *Fancy* fell back on reincarnation as a basis for farce, and told of a sculptress and an art critic who—after all sorts of meetings and matings, B.C. and A.D.—finally meet and marry in 1952. The play, which promptly closed, had only some scattered Kaufman wit to recommend it. A banal farce, it made the even worse mistake of being an altogether brassy fantasy that wisecracked wide open, hours before the end.

Old Play in Manhattan

Desire Under the Elms (by Eugene O'Neill) opened a new season for the American National Theater & Academy. As a choice-on-paper, this major O'Neill effort is far happier than most of ANTA's previous offerings. As an actual stage piece, it leaves much to be desired under the elms. In it O'Neill boldly grappled with the most rooted intensities and twisted passions. But for all its insistent starkness, *Desire* lacks stature, and the ANTA production, by acting everything out in italics, tends to accentuate the play's shortcomings.

O'Neill's mid-19th-century chronicle of the greeds, lusts, hates and frustrations of a New England farming family centers in a fierce struggle for possession of the farm. For it, children wish their father dead, brother schemes against brother, a young woman marries a fanatical old man, then seduces his son to obtain an heir. But *Desire Under the Elms* concerns more than an actual fight over land: its harsh primitivism seeks to lay bare a crippling Puritanism, to paint a gaunt New England landscape of the mind and will.

To all this O'Neill brought his brooding, unflinching sense of the dark mass of things, but not the art—or even the articulateness—to give it genuine shape. *Desire* emerges as neither realistic drama nor poetic tragedy, but as something clumsily in between. Most of the writing, in a rather stylized dialect as facetious as it is folksy, lacks reverberation. Hence, too much of the action has the quality of mere clodhopper melodrama. The last act is dramatically effective; but the last act, reaching up to the redemptive power of love, should be tragically exalted.

The posed, almost didactic production reduces the lifelikeness without achieving anything larger than life. *Desire Under the Elms* need only be compared with the great run of facile, cut-to-measure plays to reveal how uncompromisingly O'Neill aspired. But it need only be compared with brooding, grey-toned work that does possess breadth and grandeur—Thomas Hardy's, for instance—to reveal how distinctly O'Neill fell short.



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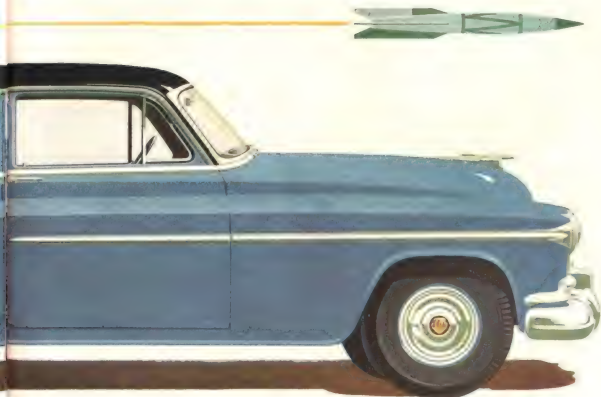


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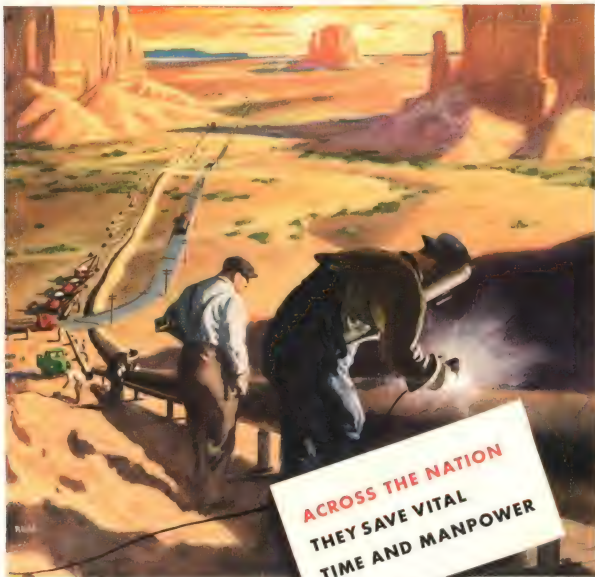
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MEDICINE

The Governor's Speech

Doctors who invited Oklahoma's Governor Johnston Murray (son of ex-Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray) to address the Tulsa County Medical Society last week expected the usual soothing syrup about the responsibilities of their profession. They found themselves under bitter attack.

"I lay down this flat proposition," said the governor. "During the last 35 years or thereabouts, the medical profession has lost an immeasurable amount of public esteem, reverence and respect that it formerly enjoyed." The main trouble, as he saw it: the "commercialization of the profession." "Maybe," said the governor, the oldtime doctor "didn't die with an amassed fortune of land and gold and loot, but he left behind him a life that had been a blessing to mankind, an honor to his profession."

An outspoken foe of socialism and of the Truman-Ewing plan for a compulsory national health service, Governor Murray nevertheless lambasted the profession for the millions of dollars spent in the last ten years to fight such schemes. "You have been able to scare the very brutes off the politicians," he said, "and to date you have been able to fend off the advances of the socialistic trend, but you and I both know you haven't stopped it by any means . . . During all of this fight you have failed completely to rally a militant public opinion to your support . . . What about your neighbors across the alley or your patients who live on the other side of the tracks? Will they come to your rescue? You know they haven't, and unless some changes are made, they probably won't. On the contrary, they may, all too soon, be found casting off



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their state of lethargy and aggressively joining in the battle against you. When and if this happens, you can kiss your political influence goodbye."

The governor also had a few harsh words about doctors' high fees: "I wonder how many Edisons, Einsteins, Lincolns and Pasteurs lie buried in unmarked graves because they were too poor to call a doctor. Doctors, this is your burden and your responsibility . . . The pauper who needs you today was yesterday one of the taxpayers who helped build and maintain our great [University of Oklahoma] School of Medicine, where the doctors of today and tomorrow receive their education. You will be a long time paying this debt."

Housewife's Hazards

Being a housewife is a hazardous occupation. Every year there are 4,000,000 accidents in U.S. homes which disable somebody for at least a day, and as often as not the housewife is blamed for carelessness. This, says Thomas Fansler of the National Safety Council, is unfair. At a forum on "Occupation Housewife" in Pittsburgh last week, Fansler told why:

"The average housewife has little more training than that afforded by an elective home economics course in high school. With this, she is expected to deal daily with steam and hot liquids, fire, sharp hand tools, glass and other fragile objects, detergents, harsh cleansers and abrasives, active poisons [drain solvents, ammonia, lye, etc.] and complicated mechanical and electrical appliances.

"In a factory, a worker dealing with such materials would be given not only a complete set of protective clothing, including goggles, but also a complete course of training and instruction under supervision as to how best to do the job. Somehow, the young woman who gets married and sets up housekeeping is supposed to know how to do the work without hurting

herself and other members of the family."

Fansler acquires the housewife of the charge of carelessness because "the word does not explain anything, and it stigmatizes the person concerned as somehow a little subhuman."

Heart Murmurs

Many people whose doctors tell them that they have something the matter with their hearts have nothing of the sort. That is the conclusion of three Manhattan physicians, headed by Dr. Leonard J. Goldwater, after a ten-year study of hundreds of "heart cases" sent to them by the New York State Employment Service, which wanted to find out what kind of work was suitable for its "handicapped" clients.

The three doctors worked in a special clinic set up at Bellevue Hospital. They took their time—unlike many of the doctors who had diagnosed the patients originally. Among 631 cases, 175 (or 28%) were found to have no heart disease at all. (All but 19 had been told that they had; the 19 had misdiagnosed themselves.) The biggest group of wrong diagnoses (38) had been made by draft doctors at induction centers, but private and school physicians, hospital clinics, insurance examiners and industrial physicians all contributed to the total of bad guesses.

How did the doctors come to err so often? Their commonest stumble was a "functional" (i.e., not organic) heart murmur, of a type which Dr. Goldwater describes as "transitory, innocent." Sometimes they were misled by high blood pressure. Other errors were more surprising: tuberculosis, cancer of the stomach and latent syphilis were all mistaken for heart trouble.

In 56 cases, doctors had advised the patients to take it easy; in some instances they had gone so far as to recommend quitting a job or turning down a new one. But the perversity of human



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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



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nature is evident in the Goldwater report: only 19 of the 56 took the doctor's advice, while seven who had not been told to cut down their activities did so anyway.

"When non-cardiac patients are advised to limit their activities, as a result of incorrect diagnosis, the result is calamitous," say Dr. Goldwater and his colleagues. "Not only needless disability has been created, but irreparable psychic trauma also is often produced. . . . Large numbers of young men are again being examined in connection with military service. It seems particularly timely to point out again that what is designed to serve as a preventive measure may prove to be just the opposite."

Smelling Binge

Truck Driver Michael of West Mifflin was waiting for a mild day this week to load his wife and children into the family car and drive around the western Pennsylvania countryside. They were hoping to run across the smell of skunk. To Andrea Sinai, 8, this was very important. She has never smelled a skunk—in fact, until recently, she had never smelled anything. Andrea was a rare medical case, a baby born with a bony obstruction blocking both nostrils.

In 38 years of specializing in nose & throat troubles, Philadelphia's Dr. Matthew S. Ersner had seen only one previous case. If it had not been for an alert doctor who spotted the trouble when she was born, Andrea Sinai's chances of surviving would have been slim—she might have choked on her first bottle. As it was, she had to be fed with a medicine dropper. Often she choked and started to turn blue. Her mother hardly ever knew a good night's sleep; she kept waking to hear the reassurance of the child's raucous mouth breathing. Because her mouth was always dry, Andrea's food didn't taste good and she was underweight.

Three months ago, Dr. Ersner drilled through the bony obstructions and put a rubber tube through both nostrils so that scar tissue would not close them again. Even with this partial relief, her food tasted so much better that Andrea began to eat like a wolf and gained nine pounds. Last week Dr. Ersner took the tube out, and Andrea went on a smelling binge, running from food smells to her mother's perfume bottles.

To Dr. Ersner, the most interesting thing about Andrea's case was that her sinuses were fully developed. "All our lives," he said, "we've been teaching that sinuses need aeration to develop completely. Apparently we were wrong." Said Andrea as she left for home: "Doctor, I want to smell a skunk."

What Is Shock?

Generations of doctors have talked about "shock," but they have never agreed on what they mean by it. Trying to be more precise, some have distinguished different types such as those caused by fright and cold, and a special kind of "wound shock." Others have gone on to



ANDREA SINAI
Next, a skunk.

such refinements as primary and secondary wound shock. All this, say two British physicians, is not good enough: wound shock must be even more carefully classified if the patient is to get the right treatment—and the wrong treatment may cost the patient his life.

Drs. Ronald T. Grant and E. Basil Reeve found themselves caught in this confusion early in World War II, when they treated 150 victims of bombings and accidents in England. They went on to Italy and treated 190 more (both soldiers and civilians). They soon dropped the word shock from their vocabulary, because they found it not a help but a hindrance. From the varied conditions formerly lumped as shock, Grant and Reeve sorted out six kinds of circulatory upset, and their symptoms.

"Tip Up the Bed." What goes on in a patient suffering from "shock"? Dr. Grant admits frankly: "That's the point—we don't know." Trying to find the answer, he is working on rabbits in a cramped laboratory at London's ancient (1721) Guy's Hospital. Sometimes a patient who has merely been jarred by bad news or a fright shows about the same "shock" symptoms as one who has been injured.

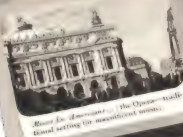
"Tip up one end of the bed," says Dr. Grant briskly, "and in five minutes they feel better if there's no injury. Once, during the war, they brought in an old dame. They thought she was going to die. Her pulse was down around 50, and blood pressure about the same, and they called it 'severe shock.' I tipped up her bed [lowering her head] and turned round to get ready for a transfusion. When I turned back a few moments later, she was all right. And when I examined her, her injury was nothing—only a crushed toe."

Stories about a fatal kind of "battle shock" with no visible injury have caused further medical confusion. "There was a great harrosh in World War I about men

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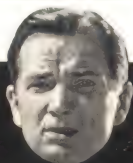
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showing all these symptoms but with no injury," he says, "so we looked for such cases in World War II. We never found one. Perhaps later examination showed that the man had had a brain concussion, or died from carbon monoxide produced by the bomb. So-called 'pure shock' may exist, but I haven't seen it. To me, so far, it's a bogey."

Don't Delay. The first thing to do for victims of "shock" and injury, Drs. Grant and Reeve found (as did U.S. Army medics, especially in Korea), was to see whether the patient had lost blood, and if so, how much. In some cases, even when the blood pressure was normal, there had been heavy blood loss. The actual volume of blood lost, say the doctors, should be computed (by a quick and simple dye method). Their motto: "If in doubt, transfuse."

It is, they say, "bad practice to delay transfusion." And a patient with a very



BRITAIN'S GRANT
If in doubt, transfuse.

large wound needs "much more than even a bold transfusion officer is inclined to give till he has learned for himself." The objective is to restore blood volume to at least 70% of normal and keep on going to 80% or more as a margin of safety.

Many a "shock" patient early in the war was harmed, not helped, by being kept too warm in an electric cradle and given drugs and rest, when he needed a transfusion and prompt operation. And it was wrong, the two researchers believe, to give fluids freely to patients with limb injuries; to avoid vomiting, they should get only sips of water even if they are "avidly thirsty."

There is still much to be learned about so-called shock, say Drs. Grant and Reeve. But only since World War I has there been detailed study of the subject, though it has been important since man started being clawed by saber-toothed tigers and rolling rocks down on his fellows.



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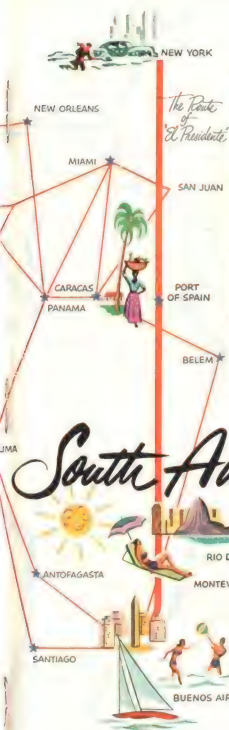
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EDUCATION

The Voice

Thumbing through the first volumes of the big new encyclopedia one evening at the Trianon, France's King Louis XV showed frank bewilderment. His ministers had told him that the work was subversive, and the King had duly ordered its confiscation. But—as Voltaire tells the story—the King read all about the rights of the crown and promptly began to question his own decision. "Upon my word," cried His Majesty to Madame de Pompadour, "I can't tell why they spoke so ill of this book."

There was plenty of reason for the King's ministers to speak ill of the book. It was edited by fiery Philosopher-Dramatist Denis Diderot, and he had made it a



Jean-Honoré Fragonard—The Louvre, Paris
EDITOR DIDEROT

For a cacouac, posterity's recompense.

good deal more than a compilation of all the knowledge that was available at the middle of the 18th century. To many a Frenchman it became the voice of Reason itself—a major intellectual weapon of the Revolution, one of the brightest ornaments of the Enlightenment, the foundation stone of the new secularism. Though Frenchmen have long since ceased to read it, they have never ceased to revere it. Last week they were expressing their reverence officially.

"Turning Point." To honor the 200th anniversary of the publication of Volume I of Diderot's *Encyclopédie*, France has embarked on a year-long series of celebrations. The *Archives Nationales de France* have published an exact reproduction of Diderot's prospectus. The *Bibliothèque Nationale* has put on a massive exhibition of his original manuscripts and illustrations. Meanwhile, the Sorbonne has commissioned six monographs on various aspects of the work; and the Ministry of

Education is toying with the idea of backing a film based on Diderot's life. The ministry has also decreed that schools must place special emphasis on the encyclopedia in 1952. Cried Minister André Marie: "This work, by the spirit in which it was undertaken . . . marks the turning point in ideas which ushered in our modern times."

Intolerance & Anagrams. The ushering began in 1745, when a Paris printer named André François Le Breton hired the impetuous Diderot to work on a modest two-volume encyclopedia. Diderot soon expanded the project, decided to "assemble the knowledge scattered over the surface of the earth . . ." Before he was through, he had persuaded some of the best brains in Europe to help him.

D'Alembert wrote on mathematics. Turgot on economics. Quesnay on agriculture. Buffon on nature. Rousseau on music, and Montesquieu on taste. Diderot himself wrote on everything from intolerance and Spinoza to anagrams and onomancy—the "science" of telling a man's fortune by the letters in his name. He treated topics that intellectuals had been apt to ignore before. He spent hours studying iron foundries and gunpowder mills at first hand, imported workers from the factories of Lyons to help him with an article on the velvet trade.

In the midst of his work, Diderot and his colleagues began to attack both state and church ("We must put theology to the sword," Diderot once exclaimed). To them, Reason was man's best guide, and even simple word definitions were apt to turn into political harangues. Defining *Menace*, Diderot lashed out at government by describing the "menace" of administrative stupidity. Under *Collège*, the encyclopedia attacked Jesuit control of education. Under *Alms-houses*, it trumpeted some social philosophy: "It would be far more important to work at the prevention of misery than to multiply places of refuge for the miserable."

"We Will Appear." Diderot, never out of trouble for long, was imprisoned, denounced as a *cacouac* (savage), damned by both *Parlement* and Pope. He was even secretly censored by his own publisher, and he was well along in the 50s before he angrily discovered that his proofs had been "mutilated, truncated, hacked up and dishonored."

But Diderot went right on, and finally after 25 years ("We will appear, come wind and high water!"), his job was finished. "If one adds to those years of our life which have passed since we first projected this work," he wrote to a friend. "those years which we have given to its execution, you will easily realize that we have lived more than remain yet to live out. But we will have obtained the recompense which we await from our contemporaries and our posterity, if we make them one day say that we have not lived in vain." Last week, 200 years later, Frenchmen were trying to say just that.

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Anglo-Saxon Boom

The U.S. professor and the Danish publisher fell to talking about Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, a subject of deep interest to both. Kemp Malone, Professor of English Literature at Johns Hopkins University, confessed that he was worried. The major manuscripts in his field, said he, were few, and they led a precarious existence. Many had been exposed to fire and bombardment, and might be again. It was time, said the professor, that these documents be protected, once and for all.

The publisher promptly agreed, and the conversation, held in 1948, led to an ambitious scheme. The Danish firm of Rosenkilde & Bagger took on the task of photographing and photographing a whole series of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. They were to be printed in Denmark, distributed to Britain through George Allen & Unwin



Editor Malone

For a scorched hero, a secure future.

and to the U.S. through the Johns Hopkins Press. The firm then asked Winston S. Churchill to be the series' patron, hired top scholars to write special introductions. This week the first volume was ready—the famed Thorkelin transcripts of *Beowulf*, edited by Johns Hopkins' Kemp Malone.

The *Beowulf* transcripts are solid proof of what the venture is about, for few valuable documents have ever had so many narrow escapes. Until 1786, the only copy of the poem was a 1000 A.D. manuscript which for years had lain a-moldering in the library of a 16th century English collector named Sir Robert Bruce Cotton. In 1700, Sir Robert's descendants turned his library over to the government, but in 1731, a good deal of it was destroyed by fire. *Beowulf* emerged scorched and seared—but still no one did anything to preserve what remained.

Icelandic Scholar Grimur Jonsson Thorkelin came to London after hearing about the manuscript by accident. Though

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he had no idea of its literary importance (he was looking for historical data), he dutifully copied it letter by letter. His copies found their way to the Great Royal Library of Denmark. They were among the few treasures to survive the British bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807.

After next week, *Beowulf* scholars will not have to worry too much about the fate of the original, nor will they have to travel thousands of miles to pursue their studies of Thorkelin, whose mistakes in copying (e.g., 599 "d's" for "eth") will still take years to untangle. But *Beowulf* is only the opening salvo of the new Anglo-Saxon boom. Within the next few years, scholars all over the world will have reproductions of everything from St. Gregory's *Pastoral Care* to King Alfred's translation of *Orosius' History of the World*. Next volume on the list: an 8th century manuscript of *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, the original of which is now in the Leningrad Public Library, where Western scholars would have a hard time getting at it.

Report Card

¶ After mulling the matter over for more than a year, students of Williams College voted 509 to 390 against making their fraternities open to all. Instead of taking in everyone who wants to join, Williams fraternities will go on just as before, leaving the usual unwanted minority to the non-fraternal Garfield Club.

¶ Gift of the week: 50 Edgar Allan Poe items to the University of Virginia Library, from Manhattan Steamship Executive Clifton Waller Barrett (ex-'26). Among the treasures of Alumnus Poe, who left the university in 1836 because of a quarrel with his foster father: first editions of all his books, such manuscripts as a letter to Washington Irving, one of eleven existing copies of *Tamerlane and Other Poems*—all making Virginia's sizable collection the biggest in the world.

¶ New York University, which has one of the biggest adult education programs (6,000 students, 285 courses), announced its spring-term smorgasbord. Among the courses adults can pick: How to Read and Think; How to Understand Paintings; Contemporary Events: How to Read the News, February-May 1952; How to Buy Antique Accessories.

¶ Purchase of the week—by the University of California at Los Angeles: the famed 12,000-volume Victorian literature collection once owned by British Publisher Michael Sadleir. Items: hundreds of rare "three-decker" novels and yellowbacks by such oldtime bestsellers as "Captain" Frederick Marryat (*Mr. Midshipman Easy*), Mrs. Henry (*East Lynne*) Wood and Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

¶ New York City School Superintendent William Jansen announced that, beginning next fall, his high schools will have the most lifelike atomic-energy classes ever, complete with real radioisotopes imported from the Atomic Energy Commission. Next month New York teachers will go in for some futuramic training with the course in "Radioisotopes—a New Aid to High School Science Teachers."



Stanley Country Club at Badin, Carolina Aluminum Company in background.

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Singing Boys

It was just an average busy week for the 64 students of the Columbus Boychoir School at Princeton, N.J. Their mornings and afternoons were full of the traditional chores of schoolboys 9 to 14: geography and long division, plus Latin for the older ones. But twice each day the boys broke off for subject No. 1, singing practice. And at week's end, 57 of them climbed into a bus and rolled off to Philadelphia for a children's concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In white surplices, Eton collars and flowing bow ties, they sang some clean-voiced Schubert lieder (*Hark, Hark the*

states. The school bunks and boards them in the 32-room "Big House" and in an adjoining cottage.

By now, the Boychoir has some campus traditions of its own. Birthdays are celebrated with paddings, while the paddlers solemnly intone the *Song of the Volga Boatmen*. New soloists get their heads dunked in the nearest basin "to reduce swelling." So far, the best-known soloist has been twelve-year-old Chet Allen of Columbus, who starred in Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (TIME, Dec. 31).

But the fun and fame are generally fleeting. After the choir's cross-country tour, which will take them to such towns



DIRECTOR HUFFMAN & COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR
Soloists get dunked.

Hugo Harper

Lark, Ave Maria, Ungeduld) and a flute *O Filii et Filiae* by the little-known 17th century composer, Volkmar Leising. Reported the critic of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*: their voices sometimes reached an "almost celestial purity."

Next month the pace gets brisker. A concert team of 26 will pack into a bus and begin a 6,000-mile tour that will take them to some 30 cities and towns in seven weeks. School will carry on in the bus. It is outfitted with folding desks, a piano and a public-address system.

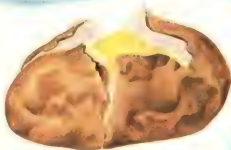
The founder and director of the Boychoir is a onetime Columbus, Ohio choir-master named Herbert Huffman. He started his school with a group of Columbus youngsters in 1939, moved it 18 months ago to the onetime Princeton estate of Industrialist (Listerine) Gerard B. Lambert. He runs the school with the help of an academic faculty of seven and a musical faculty of four, screens applicants (only one out of 200 makes the grade), and trains the boys for their performances. This year's students come from 18

as Xenia, Ohio, Muskogee, Okla., Great Bend, Kans., Blue Earth, Minn. and Springfield, Mass., some of the older boys will have begun to take on the first edges of manly rasp. Director Huffman swings in with hearty congratulations at this point: "It means you're growing up."

The Halasz Tradition

Last week, having cast Director Laszlo Halasz adrift, the New York City Opera announced a spring season in the best Halasz tradition. In addition to eleven operas from current repertory, it promised productions of 1) Alban Berg's tragic opera, *Wozzeck*, which no U.S. audience has seen in 21 years, 2) a stage version of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and 3) a new adaptation, by Marc Blitstein, of Kurt Weill's *The Three-Penny Opera*. Possible hitch: Halasz, who is still fighting his year-end dismissal (TIME, Dec. 31), contends that, under his last contract, none of last year's repertory may be produced this year without Halasz on deck.

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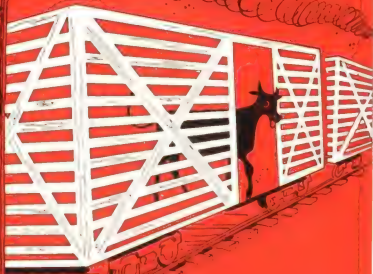
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Americans at the Bonspiel

Curling, a peculiar sport that had its beginnings in Scotland around 1500, is a winter version of the English game of bowling on the green. It also has shuffleboard overtones. Last week, for the first time, curling's native Scotland was invaded by a group of curlers from the U.S., where there are an estimated 4,000 confirmed addicts concentrated mainly in enthusiastic clubs around New England and the upper Middle West.

In its purebred Scottish form, the game is played on a 46-yd. strip of ice, usually on an indoor rink where the ice is more even and not subject to sudden thaws. At each end of the rink there are fixed bull's-eye targets (see diagram). Each player on a four-man team, captained by an authoritarian "skip," gets two shots at the target on each round. With a bowler's arm-swinging motion, the curler hoists a 40-lb. circular (maximum circumference: 36 in.) stone,* and sends it slithering down the ice toward the "tee line" bull's-eye. If the

stone falls short of the "hog line," it is automatically removed from the rink; if it slides beyond the scoring line, it is also out. Object of the game: to nudge an opponent's stone out of the scoring circle while leaving your own near the center. Highest possible score in an "end" (inning), comparable in its rarity to a no-hitter in baseball: 8-0, where all your stones are in the circle, all the opponent's stones are farther out.

Conny Strategy. At the Crossmyloof rink at Glasgow last week, none of the five Scottish teams scored such a shutout, but they did manage to whip the Americans in the first test match, 109-54. In the second match, the U.S. did better, only lost 94-83. The Scotsmen played a canny, conservative game, in sharp contrast to the generally slam-bang U.S. style. The Scots used blockade tactics in front of the scoring circle until the skip, comparable to cleanup batter in baseball, could send his final stone down to nudge his teammates' into the bull's-eye.

At the Glasgow bonspiel, one U.S. "rink" (team), skipped by Frank Van Epps of Portage, Wis., salvaged U.S. prestige by winning, 24-12. Van Epps produced the shot of the day. Two Scots stones, placed about a foot apart, guarded the scoring circle. While Van Epps lined up his shot, Detroit Lawyer John Ritter McKinlay acted as temporary skip to give Van Epps the proper strategy.

The other two teammates stood at mid-ice, brooms in hand, ready to "sweep" (sweep) away any real or imagined particles of dirt or ice that might impede the progress of Van Epp's stone.

Brush Now! Standing at the "hack," Van Epps swung his stone "elbow in," imparting a clockwise twist to the handle. Up the ice it came in a smooth, shallow curve. "Don't brush!" shouted McKinlay. Just before the stone came to the hog line, McKinlay yelled: "Brush now!" The sweepers whisked frantically with their household-type brooms (the Scotsmen use T-shaped brooms, rub rather than sweep the ice). The stone slipped on between the two trotting sweepers, nicked the two guard stones away and came to rest plunk in the center.

"That's the way to play the game," shouted McKinlay to his grinning skip. The Scot skip was less demonstrative. Soberly he raised his broom, the curler's signal for a well-played shot.

Joe's Fight

Time was when Joe Louis let his eloquent fists do his talking for him. But last week the ex-heavyweight champion found himself shadow-boxing with an elusive opponent: racial discrimination, disguised in doubletalk. Joe fumbled for the right words, then angrily called it "the biggest fight of my life." Specifically, Joe was squaring off against the Professional Golfers' Association, which allows only "Caucasians" to enter a P.G.A.-sponsored tournament.



GOLFER LOUIS
An elusive opponent.

It all started when Joe was approached by local officials about playing in the San Diego Open. Amateur Golfer Louis (middle 70s) decided to play. A Los Angeles Negro professional named Bill Spiller then applied to play in the tournament. Spiller qualified for the tournament with his golf (152 for two rounds), but not with his color. The P.G.A. disqualified him on a fancy technicality: he had not signed a "player agreement," a document that the P.G.A. professes only to Caucasians.

Joe had not signed any agreement either, but the P.G.A. "qualified" him as an invited amateur guest. He was also a good item for the pressagent. Despite his color. He played an amicable first round with P.G.A. President Horton Smith, who shot a 73. A two-handicap player, Joe shot a 76, but failed to qualify for the final two rounds when he soared to an 83 next day.

But Fighter Louis had won the first round of his "biggest fight" by being the first Negro ever to play in a P.G.A. co-sponsored tournament. Joe's ultimate strategy: to knock out the P.G.A. ban entirely, open the tournament doors to other qualified Negro golfers. This week Joe seemed to be winning his fight. The P.G.A. tournament committee voted to approve Negro participation in P.G.A. tournaments. There was still one minor hitch: Negro golfers will have to wait, as all non-touring P.G.A. pros do, for entry acceptance from the local sponsor. This week's local sponsor, the Phoenix (Ariz.) Chamber of Commerce, announced that an entry by Louis, "as all other entries, will be accepted in good faith." Six Negroes will play in the qualifying round.

Meanwhile, most of the other pros were going about their business of playing golf. The winner: Newcomer Ted Kroll, 32, of New Hartford, N.Y., with a 12-under-par 276.



Trust Diagram by V. Puglisi

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Most Unseemly

Tennis is traditionally considered a gentlemanly sort of sport, but last week's annual meeting of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association was boisterous enough to do credit to a baseball gathering of the Happy Chandler era. Item that produced the fireworks: the national rankings.

In its tentative rankings, released a month ago, the U.S.L.T.A. put Tony Trabert, national clay court champion, in the No. 1 spot. Vic Seixas, national grass court finalist, was ranked No. 2. In the No. 3 slot: Australian and Wimbledon Champion Dick Savitt. After last week's meeting, the ranking order was juggled in topsy-turvy fashion, but not before a lot



FRANK SHIELDS
A tart retort.

of gratuitous advice had been thrown in from the sidelines.

The loudest talker was Frank Shields, non-playing captain of the losing U.S. Davis Cup team. Shields had ignored Savitt in the Davis Cup matches, had put his confidence in aging (30) Ted Schroeder (ranked No. 7), who turned out to be the goat of the series. Shields was intent on keeping Savitt ranked right where he was, at No. 3. Cried Shields: "Never once in the past three months has Savitt looked like a champion. Not only that, but he was not the most cooperative player in the world while we were in Australia, and his sounding off brought discredit to the game. He was not a credit either as a player or a representative of America."

Shields's outburst brought a tart answer from Don McNeill, lifetime (1942) national champion. Amid resounding applause from the assembled delegates, McNeill pointed out that players are ranked on their tennis ability, and personal prejudice should have nothing to do with ranking. The ranking committee, ignoring Shields's remarks, proceeded to raise Savitt from No. 3 to 2, dropped Trabert from

1 to 3, elevated Seixas to the No. 1 spot.

After the heated session, one of the longest (five hours) in U.S.L.T.A. history, President Russell B. Kingman tried to restore a touch of dignity to tennis. Choosing his words with due care, Kingman called Shields's outburst "most unseemly."

Other unseemly tennis news last week: ¶ In Miami, a group of disgruntled, discarded U.S. Davis Cup players, headed by veteran (37) Gardnar Mulloy, challenged the losing U.S. team to a charity match. Several members of the five-man team denied knowledge of the challenge. But Mulloy stuck to it, explained: "The whole thing was based on the selection of Schroeder for the Cup team."

¶ In Australia, while Frank Sedgman's



Associated Press

VIC SEIXAS

A topsy-turvy juggling.

"wedding gift" fund (TIME, Jan. 14) swelled to \$11,892, Aussie Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman spoke out about "amateur" tennis in his Melbourne *Herald* column: "I don't think there is one player in the world's first ten who abides by the [international] amateur rules . . . Tennis today is in the semi-professional class, and it should remain there."

Who Won

¶ Andrea Mead Lawrence, the Austrian international giant slalom; at Bad Gastein. Competing against Olympic squad members of six nations, Skier Lawrence twisted & turned through the 42-gate course of 1,700 yards in 2:02.5, more than three seconds faster than Austria's Erika Mahringer. Third, further boosting U.S. Olympic hopes: Seattle's Janette Burr.

¶ Ex-Wisconsin Runner Don Gehrman, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* Mile, with a characteristic kick sprint that nipped FBI-Man Fred Wilt by 5 ft. Gehrman's time, breaking the meet record by more than a second: 4:10.2. Next night, in Boston, Gehrman did it again. Time: 4:09.5. Margin over Wilt: 3 ft.



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2. WHERE DID I FAIL? My wife knows—only too well. 20 years ago she saw it all. Even predicted the "fix" we'd be in if we didn't plan ahead. Unable to face her now, I remember as if it were yesterday . . .



4. TALKING IT OVER the plan made sense. It would enable me to quit work as early as 60. Pay Peg and me \$200 a month for life. Trouble was, I thought it too ambitious, too costly for folks like us.



6. WHAT CAN I SAY? Sure, Peg's a good soldier and somehow we'll get along. What I can't shake, though, is that sinking feeling of having had success pass me by. For not planning, not acting soon enough, I'm paying the price. Will you?

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
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
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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Trouble with News

In the first years of television, U.S. newspaper editors worried that the new medium would capture many of their readers by covering news as it happened. So far, the worries have been groundless; TV news programs have added little to the technique of reporting, have often been no better than radio newscasts—and sometimes not as good. Last week, in an effort to change all that, NBC launched an ambitious, two-hour global news roundup—with records and special events thrown in—called *Today* (Monday through Friday; 7-9 a.m. E.S.T.).

All Set. How did the experiment turn out? After squirming through the two hours of the program, John Crosby, the

I don't know," said Admiral Fechteler. "When I left it yesterday, it was in great shape." "Thank you, Admiral Fechteler," cried the reporter triumphantly. Said Critic Crosby: "The fact is Admiral Fechteler hadn't opened his mail yet."

Communicator Garroway went on with his program: "Hello, Ed Haaker in Frankfurt. Tell me the news in your part of the world." Replied Haaker: "The big news is the weather. We had our first big storm of the year. We're really chilly." Said Garroway: "You're not alone. Goodbye, Ed."

Above All . . . What was the point in having a foreign correspondent on the phone if he had nothing to say? As for telling the actual news, the program merely gave a brief résumé of Page One headlines. By so doing, concluded Crosby,



"COMMUNICATOR" GARROWAY

The admiral hadn't opened his mail.

sharp-witted Radio & TV critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, decided the time had come to read NBC—and telecasters in general—a lecture of what's wrong with their news programs. Said Crosby: there is a "basic lack of understanding of the purpose of communications, which is, after all, just a conveyor, not an end in itself." *Today's* narrator, Dave Garroway (kittenishly billed as a "Communicator") had "the most magnificent array of communications equipment ever put into one room . . . telephones, television monitors, telephoto machines, intercoms, wireless. Everything was all set in case anything was happening anywhere." But, for the telecasters, "nothing was."

For example, the ranging TV eye fixed on Admiral William M. Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations, on the steps of the Pentagon on his way to work. "Can you give us a pronouncement on the state of the Navy?" asked NBC's reporter. "Well,

the TV editors relied "much too heavily on the newspapers and news services, much too little on their own imaginations. Newspapers and news services are geared for the printed page, not for this new and challenging medium whose demands are so different. The same news story—let's say the explosive situation in the Near East—should not be handled entirely on a spot news basis as it is in the press—waiting, that is, for the riots, the assassination, or whatever comes—because when the spot news breaks, television will be in no position to cover it. The cameras should be out there now—probing, sifting, analyzing and explaining what might come and, above all, why."

British Giveaway

One contestant on *Pottluck* won a string of cultured pearls for singing *I Belong to Glasgow* while standing on his head. Others got tie clips, nylon stockings, electric irons and toasters for such antics as eating

fruitcake with knitting needles and balancing pennies on their foreheads while taking off their shoes. Like all other give-away shows, *Potluck* has a studio audience, a thigh-slapping announcer, a full catalogue of physical and spiritual indignities for its contestants. The remarkable thing about it: *Potluck* is the first give-away show to appear on the British Broadcasting Corp.'s staid television.

Comic Charlie Chester, who describes himself as a "British Milton Berle, only with a heart," is the man who was persuasive enough to sell sobersided BBC on doing the show. His only regret: that BBC is still too finicky to let him use announcers who will lose their pants during warmup time. Still breathless over its daring, BBC is also keeping a cautious eye on the show's budget. Warned a spokesman: "The gifts will be strictly limited in cost—no big-money American stuff here. We don't want to buy viewers." There seemed little danger. Grouched one disgruntled member of the studio audience: "I wouldn't stand on my head for no blooming string of false pearls, I wouldn't. But give me one of those American refrigerators and I'll sing the 'ole *Mikado* upside down."

Potluck may be a portent that BBC is nerving itself for the plunge into commercial broadcasting. The Labor Party had planned to renew BBC's simon-pure license for another 15 years, but the Tories got in and granted only a six-month extension while they take time to think things over. To solve BBC's chronic money troubles (income is limited to a small annual tax on radio and TV sets, profits from BBC publications, and appropriations by Parliament), the Tories are considering such radical departures as one all-commercial frequency for radio and, possibly, two hours of commercial programs a night for TV.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 25. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

A Citizens' Assembly on Education (Sat. 11:30 a.m., CBS). Talks by Pollster George Gallup, Roy E. Larsen, president of TIME Inc., Mrs. Eugene Meyer, wife of the board chairman of the Washington Post, and educational leaders.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Cavalleria Rusticana* with Milanov; *Pagliacci* with Vinay, Warren.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Thief*, with Dorothy McGuire, David Niven, Roddy McDowall.

TELEVISION

Tales of Tomorrow (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Part 1 of Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, with Thomas Mitchell.

CBS Television Workshop (Sun. 4 p.m., CBS). *Into the Valley*, by John Hersey, third in a series of experimental dramas.

The Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). Guest: Barbara Stanwyck, making her TV debut.



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Fantastic Catalan

"There are no straight lines or sharp corners in nature," Antonio Gaudi used to say. "Therefore, buildings must have no straight lines or sharp corners." In the application of his precept, Catalan Architect Gaudi built some of the most fantastic structures in the world. The walls of a Gaudi-designed apartment house rise like eroded cliffs; his roofs are undulating, and wrought-iron leaves bristle from his eaves and sills.

Gaudi's largest and most fantastic work is Barcelona's awesome stone, iron and cement Church of the Holy Family. He spent 40 years on its honeycombed towers and the weird, grotto-like encrustations of its walls, but it was still unfinished when he died in 1926.

A House of Cards. This week Barcelona admirers are commemorating the centennial year of Gaudi's birth with a fund-raising campaign to complete his masterpiece, and with an exhibit of photographs, drawings and models reviewing his strange career.

As a conventional architect, young Gaudi was no great shakes. His masters at Barcelona's School of Architecture labeled him a mediocre student. His first professional work, a group of Barcelona workers' cottages, was dull and uninspired. But when a rich Barcelona cotton merchant offered him patronage, Gaudi began to give his lively imagination free rein.

His mineral-and-vegetable-like structures, commissioned by fantasy-loving Spanish aristocrats, began to sprout in & around Barcelona. Whether his assignment was a mansion, or apartment house, or a hunting lodge, Gaudi designed it with the same back-to-nature abandon, never passed up an opportunity to ripple or bulge a surface, scallop an edge or stick on a few mushrooming towers. To make sure that his weirdly shaped buildings were appropriately furnished, Gaudi would nev-

er accept a job unless he was allowed to design everything from beds and tables to lamps and plumbing fixtures.

In 1884, Gaudi was handed the job of designing Barcelona's new Church of the Holy Family. Fellow architects scoffed at his grandiose plan, which called for a dozen 328-ft. spires, five domes, five naves, three elaborate façades and a forest of sculpture-topped pinnacles. Without the usual buttresses and props, they predicted, it would all come down "like a house of cards." Churchmen took exception to his bizarre decorations and unconventional style. But contributions for the project had already been collected from all over Spain, and Gaudi set to work.

A Bare Room. By the time the crypt was completed and the main part of the building started, the original money was almost gone. Eventually, Gaudi gave up his life as a fashionable architect, sold his house and horses, put all his resources into the church-building fund. He moved into the construction yard adjoining the church, slept on a cot in a small bare room. In 1914, when all funds were exhausted, Gaudi went on a door-to-door pilgrimage through Catalonia, begged enough money to keep working. Said Gaudi philosophically: "The landlord of this building has eternity before him."

When Gaudi, by then a shabby, white-bearded old man of 74, was run down and killed by a Barcelona streetcar, only one of the twelve spires and a fraction of the rest of the sprawling building was completed. Disciples faithfully carried on the work, added three additional spires. Once, during the Spanish civil war, an anticlerical mob tried to destroy the building, but for all its look of airy fantasy, they could not budge a stone or dislodge a single ornament.

Money to carry on is coming in again. The fund-raising campaign has already started a healthy flow of donations, and a series of commemorative stamps will be issued to raise more. But nobody in



Nicolas Muller, Madrid

GAUDI'S CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY
The landlord could wait.

Barcelona expects the Church of the Holy Family to be finished soon. To complete it as Gaudi planned it, his friends estimate, will take \$25 million, perhaps 50 years more of careful work.

Colleen in Harlem

When Irish-born Colleen Browning first saw Harlem 16 months ago, she was struck by "the long, straight streets, the litter, the children's drawings on the pavement, all the life against the dead-looking buildings." Since Colleen Browning is an artist, she set about painting what she saw, and last week she put 13 pictures on display in a Manhattan gallery. Harlem has been painted more expertly, but seldom with more sympathy or with a quicker eye for vivid detail.

Artist Browning, 28, the daughter of a British general, went to her first art school at 15. By the time she was 17, she was so good at painting willowy maidens in sylvan settings that some of her work was displayed at London's Royal Academy. After more art school, she gave up her Royal Academy style, but she stuck to her interest in scenes with a generous horizontal sweep to them. In Harlem she learned to paint in verticals.

A good example of Browning's new style is *Seesaw*, a group of children teeter-tottering dizzily up a perpendicular canvas. Another Browning trick: painting her Harlemites from above, so that the figures can be seen against a background of pavement litter and sidewalk doodles.

After more than a year of painting Harlem, Artist Browning feels that she has anything but exhausted her subject. She thinks she may have made her canvases too bustling crowded. Looking at her exhibit last week, she seemed "to see people all dashing around." Next step: "Some simpler studies, more serious and not quite so larky."



BROWNING'S "LENOX AND MONDRIAN"
Life can be larky.

Edwin Hewitt Gallery



PUBLIC FAVORITES (8)

Los Angeles has never been as interested in painting as in music, but in the last decade its County Museum has achieved lustrous stardom. The public favorite at the museum is this sick pretty *Pastoralist Boy* by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Lawrence may never have matched the felicity of such predecessors as Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, but no portraitist ever exceeded his facility. At the age of five, he began selling crayon likenesses to the patrons of his father's tavern;

at 20, he was the rage of London; at 30, he had painted most of Europe's royalty. He never lost a sitter by an unflattering likeness. A contemporary complained that Lawrence, who became president of London's Royal Academy in 1805, "made coxcombs of his sitters and they made a coxcomb of him. To which one sitter replied: 'This is the merit of Lawrence's painting—he makes one seem to have got into a drawing room in the mansions of the blest—and to be looking at oneself in the mirrors.'"



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Washington News:

WOMEN WILL
HAVE CHILDREN*

The End of a Fairy Tale

At its best, no comic strip was more whimsically humorous than Crockett Johnson's *Barnaby*. The world of five-year-old Barnaby was peopled by such characters as McNoyd, an invisible leprechaun who talked with a Bronx accent, Gorgon, a talking dog, Gus, a friendly ghost, and a rotund, urbane fairy godfather named J. J. O'Malley. O'Malley's cigar doubled as a magic wand and usually kept him and Barnaby at odds with the slow-witted real world around them.

The strip's gentle satire on mortal failings was never a big crowd-pleaser; at its peak in 1946, only 76 papers carried



© 1952 Crockett Johnson—The Bell Syndicate, Inc.
BARNABY & J. J. O'MALLEY

Even a stripchild has birthdays.

Barnaby. Shortly after, Cartoonist Johnson himself tired of drawing the strip and turned it over to Collaborators Ted Ferro and Jack Morley, though he kept his hand in on & off, began writing the dialogue again in 1948. Somehow much of *Barnaby*'s appeal disappeared, and the number of papers fell off by almost half. Last week Johnson announced that next month he will end *Barnaby* altogether. Although *Barnaby* readers always assumed that the child was ageless, Johnson said not so. Barnaby is finally growing up. He will soon reach his sixth birthday, and six-year-olds need no fairy godfathers.

Through the Iron Curtain

Most news from behind the Iron Curtain comes from heavily censored dispatches of Western newsmen or the state-controlled Communist press and radio. This week a new monthly magazine appeared to give U.S. editors a steady new source of news about the satellite countries. The magazine's name: *News from Behind the Iron Curtain*. Published by the National Committee for a Free Europe, the magazine is compiled with the help of

refugees who have escaped from behind the curtain. Among them are three former members of Parliaments: Hungary's Dr. Paul Fabry, Yugoslavia's Dr. Miha Krek and Rumania's Charles Davila.

Originally organized to help supply information for the National Committee's Radio Free Europe, the staffers work in a cluttered, clattering office on the third floor of a Manhattan building, where they translate and analyze news in papers from their homelands, aided by the interpretation of refugees. Specialists on Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, etc. put together the bits as they would a jigsaw puzzle, in hopes of presenting a mosaic of fact.

Iron Curtain, whose first issue was distributed to 3,800 newsmen, professors, Government officials, etc., attempts to report on shifts in Communist politics, economics and cultural affairs. Among its effective items are the cynical stories and wisecracks being whispered behind the Iron Curtain. In one story, Czech Communist Leader Antonin Zapotocky looks at his portrait on the wall and says: "You're very well off up here, aren't you?" "Yes," answers the picture, "but I don't believe it can last too much longer..." They will take me down and hang you."

Another story centers around Prague's new slogan, "We Live More Joyfully." A reporter interviews a worker on whether the slogan is true. Of course, replies the worker: "My wife and I work in a factory. I get up at 5 o'clock... rush to the dairy... am third in line... get some milk and the last two rolls. We are joyful that we have a breakfast. We leave for work before 6 o'clock, and there are still some seats on the streetcar. We are joyful that we can sit down... When we come home, my wife gets the last four sausages... we are joyful because we have a supper. We go to bed; the bell rings, and when I open the door, there are the police! They ask, 'Mr. Novak?' I answer, 'No, sir, he lives across the street,' and again we are most joyful that we are not arrested."

Iron Curtain carries no ads, is distributed free to editors, educators and others engaged in gathering and spreading information. Though the Committee expects to keep circulation around 5,000, it hopes that reprints of its stories will give them a much wider circulation.

Last week the committee announced that President C. D. Jackson, after twelve months of transforming the committee's anti-Communist fight from blueprint into action, resigned to return to his job as publisher of *FORTUNE* from which he was on leave. His successor: Harold ("Min") Miller, 40, World War II's youngest rear admiral and onetime Navy press chief. Annapolisman Miller, who retired from the Navy in 1946 and became head of public relations for T.W.A., has been information director of the American Petroleum Institute for the past 3½ years. He will be on leave from A.P.I. to take the committee presidency.

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OF 1951 THE CHICAGO DAILY
NEWS PUBLISHED 3,523,839
LINES OF TOTAL GROCERY
ADVERTISING. THIS WAS
43.3% OF ALL GROCERY
LINAGE RUN IN CHICAGO
DAILY PAPERS.

Source
Media Records, Inc.



CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

JOHN S. KNIGHT, Publisher

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: CHICAGO
New York Detroit Miami Beach
San Francisco Los Angeles

* The story: a WAC major complained about her dismissal because of motherhood.

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Domore Chair Company, Inc., Dept. 107, Elkhart, Ind.

Trend Toward Monopoly

During 1951, eleven British newspapers and at least 20 magazines folded. *World's Press News*, the British trade magazine, reported last week. Some 20 others were forced either to merge or to come out less frequently. Reason: high paper and production costs. The Socialist weekly *Tribune* added its own gloomy footnote on the trend toward newspaper monopolies. The Royal Commission on the Press, recalled the *Tribune*, reported in 1949 that of the 66 cities in Great Britain which had daily newspapers, 46 were one-newspaper towns. Another twelve had more than one newspaper but only one owner.

Hollywood's Crier

Cinemagoers with an urge to rough it build their homes and swimming pools amid the rocks and woods of Hollywood Hills, an area just north of Hollywood. There, deer, skunks, possum and even rattlesnakes are often seen. To complete the illusion of country life, almost everybody in Hollywood Hills reads the *Canyon Crier* (circ. 6,500), a fortnightly tabloid which one admirer calls "a *New Yorker* with its shoes off." For its pheasant-under-glass audience, the homey *Crier* dishes up an oatmeal fare. It treats everybody in Hollywood Hills as if they were small-town neighbors. The *Crier* reports their most trivial doings at home—and treats Reader Charlie Chaplin the same as his postman—and it pointedly ignores their outside accomplishments. When a subscriber wins an Academy Award, it isn't news for the *Crier*. But when Reader Irene Dunne traps a skunk in her house, it is. The *Crier* is a success because it is a slick Hollywood make-believe of a country newspaper.

Last week the owner and editor, Norman Rose, 36, celebrated by bringing out his fifth-anniversary edition. An ex-script-writer for M.G.M., Rose has a one-man editorial staff: his wife Betsy, once his assistant at M.G.M. Rose, a World War II veteran who didn't want to get back into the Hollywood rat race, bought the *Crier* for less than \$1,500, when it had a mere 1,800 circulation and was losing money. He went out soliciting subscriptions and ads while Betsy did most of the reporting and writing. Now the *Crier* yields Norman and Betsy Rose a tidy profit of almost \$10,000 a year.

Flatlanders & Hillsiders. A *Crier* touch of satire is its tongue-in-cheek division of the world into "Hillsiders" (the residents of Hollywood Hills) and "Flatlanders" (everybody else). Rose occasionally uses the nicknames to needle racial intolerance. Sample: "Flatlanders are O.K., but how would you like your sister to marry one?"

Like any country editors, the Roses have plenty of problems dumped on their doorstep. One night Editor Rose got routed out of bed by Screenwriter Les River, who wailed that an automobile had killed his cat, leaving her four nursing kittens starving. Rose found a foster mother. Now the cat-loving James Masons oblige in such emergencies. When the noise of



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Try **TRISCUIT**—they
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EASES SNEEZES

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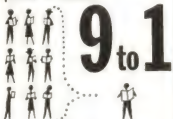
When you take cold—take TABCIN quick! TABCIN is the modern cold formula of time-tested ingredients to relieve the headache, the feverish feeling and aches and pains of a cold. TABCIN also contains antihistamine to check sneezes and sniffles. TABCIN offers more complete cold relief!

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ALL DRUG STORES in the BRIGHT RED package

TIME readers
prefer **TIME**



over any other
magazine they read!

TIME, JANUARY 28, 1952

gravel trucks disturbed the home rehearsals of Cinematress Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Rose persuaded the truckers to change their hours. In last week's storm, the *Crier* sprang into action, helped to set up an aid station complete with registered nurse and hot coffee, organized work crews.

Rotters & Possums. The *Crier* reports births ("Who's New") and marriages, but no divorces. It prints no scandal, no mat-



Clark Clumb—Hillside, Illinois

BETSY & NORMAN ROSE

After pheasant-under-glass, oatmeal.

ter what troubles Hillsiders get into "outside." but their other troubles are often Page One news. Last week Humphrey Bogart and wife Lauren Bacall talked of a frequent worry of Hillsiders—forest fires ("If there was a fire I'd probably get everybody and jump in the pool"), rattlesnakes ("We find five or six [every] year"), and the high cost of gentleman farming ("Our eggs cost \$2 apiece"). And when he talked of possums, Bogey's eyes positively glittered. Snarled he: "I shoot possums. They'd suck eggs."

Great Day, Red Dept.

Moscow's *New Times* published a twist on the World War III issue of *Collier's* magazine (TIME, Oct. 29) and put out its own dream issue. Its theme: what would happen if the great powers signed a peace pact. Highlight was an article by U.S. Communist Author Howard (*Citizen Tom Paine*) Fast, Said Fast: "It is suspected that a sharp fall of shares [after the pact] was not entirely accidental, and in two of the most conscienceless New York newspapers there was provocation for a Fascist coup . . . Prices fell . . ." But after the great day, Novelist Fast saw triumph at last for the Pink and Red press that plies its trade on the eastern seaboard. "Two big New York dailies, formerly reactionary, joined with the [New York] *Compass*, the *National Guardian* and the *Daily Worker* to call for a People's Convocation for Peace."



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Is your switchboard a bottleneck? It is whenever it's too busy with inside traffic to handle incoming and out-going outside calls!

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Please rush your new, "HEAR'S NOW!" booklet that explains how I can benefit from dial intercommunication.

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Company _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Words of the Week

"There is still a large portion of the population . . . who claim the right to think, behave and worship as they please, yet require the ministrations of the Church at marriages, baptisms and burials. [I maintain] that those who have ceased to worship with the Church . . . should celebrate their vital crises under secular auspices. . . ."

"It is part of the function of the Christian minister to be a keeper of the door, to discriminate, to let in or to exclude, provided the criterion be Christ's own . . . The prevailing interpretation of the Christian minister as a glib, affable sacrament-monger has served the Church ill for three generations."

—The Rev. Bernard C. Pawley, in the Anglican monthly, *Theology*

The Knights of Malta

One of the anomalies of the modern world is the Roman Catholic military order of laity and "religious" known as the Knights of Malta. It specializes in modern medical relief in the manner of the Red Cross and operates a fleet of Italy-based ambulance planes; yet two of its three categories of membership are traditionally open only to the nobility. Moreover, the order is recognized as a sovereign state (with no territory, but with diplomatic representatives) by the Vatican and 13 countries.*

Last week five cardinals met in Rome, as a papal tribunal, to investigate the knights, and perhaps shear them of some of their anachronistic powers.

For Services Rendered. It may be a sad commemoration for the proud and potent Hospitallers, whose origins go back to the Crusades. In the 12th century, they were well established in Jerusalem as an order of brothers caring for poor and sick pilgrims, and with a contingent of their own armed knights to protect them. For their services, the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, as they were then called, won historical privileges from the Holy See, e.g., independence of all spiritual and temporal authority save that of the Pope, exemption from tithes, and the right to their own chapels, clergy and cemeteries.

They grew fabulously wealthy. At one time they occupied half a dozen fortified strongholds around the Mediterranean, and drew revenues from more than 140 estates in Palestine and from some 19,000 manors in Europe.

After Jerusalem fell to Saladin, the Hospitallers looked for a new outlet for their energies. They found it as corsairs against the Moslem empire. As the Knights of Rhodes, an island they captured in 1309, they spent two centuries fighting Turkish pirates and raiding Turk-

ish towns. Driven out of Rhodes at last by Suleiman II, they were granted the sovereignty of Malta by the Emperor Charles V, in exchange for a token payment of a falcon a year. Promptly they resumed their sea-raiding as the Knights of Malta. And lords of Malta they remained until 1798, when their own grand master treacherously handed the island to Napoleon. The English, who soon captured it from the French, never allowed the knights to come back.

Late into Line? Today the Knights of Malta (membership 4,256) are as long on good works as they once were on swash-buckling adventure. The order consists of



Associated Press

PRINCE CHIGI & LENTEN PROCESSION
He left a modern anomaly.

three categories: Professed Knights (nobles who take religious vows of poverty, chastity and obedience), Knights of Honor and Devotion (nobles who take no vows), and Knights of Grace (commoners who take no vows). The order numbers some 250 members in the U.S.

The appointment of an investigating tribunal is the result of Vatican dissatisfaction with the laxity of the knights' control of their finances in recent years, and the knights' insistence on their autonomy in religious affairs. When the last grand master, Prince Ludovico Chigi Albani Della Rovere, died last fall at 84, after a reign of 20 years (TIME, Nov. 26), it seemed to Rome like a good time to bring the knights' rights and privileges up to date and into line. The cardinals on the tribunal are well acquainted with their subject: all of them are also members of the Knights of Malta.

* Spain, Argentina, Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, Haiti, El Salvador, San Marino and Panama.



Consolidated Enamel Papers cut printing costs for Nesco, Inc.

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“This is an added reason why it is good for a young man to start early, and with competent advice, to build a real program of life insurance.”

**HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU
HAVE REVIEWED YOUR
LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAM?**

Births, deaths, marriages, changing needs, shifting costs and taxes . . . all affect protection plans. Life insurance programs need review at least every two years.

You'll find real assistance when you call upon a Northwestern Mutual agent. He is trained to give understanding advice. His company is one of the six largest. It has over 90 years' experience.

Moreover, Northwestern Mutual offers so many significant advantages, including low net cost, that no company excels it in that happiest of all business relationships—old customers coming back for more.

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Crusader in the Capital

"God is going to speak to the people of Washington . . . He will awaken them spiritually in a way that will affect the whole wide world . . . All of these exposures have brought home the need for a spiritual awakening . . . If we had come earlier, it might not have been the time. Now, I am convinced, is the time."

With these words Evangelist Billy Graham moved in on Washington, D.C. for the first time in his career, to hold a five-week "crusade" of revival meetings. As a concession to Washington's conservative tastes, Preacher Billy toned down his tailoring, took the pulpit at the National Guard Armory last week wearing a sober blue double-breasted suit. But he gave Washington the same high-tension preach-



John Zimmerman

EVANGELIST GRAHAM
His sinners don't smoke.

ing show that has rocked auditoriums in the West and South.

On the first day of the crusade, a Sunday, Evangelist Graham drew a crowd of more than 10,000. "The Bible says we're all sinners," Billy told them. "That's the reason you have cheating among the finest boys of America at West Point. That's the reason you have irregularities in high places. It's because we're all sinners." Before the meeting was over, 205 Washingtonians walked up the aisle to answer Billy's call. It was the largest number of converts for an opening day in Billy's history.

After his big first-day turnout, Evangelist Graham drew a mild reminder about Washington's fire laws, which limit the armory's capacity to 5,310. (Said Billy: "Personally, I know that religious audiences of this kind don't smoke.") For the rest of the week, however, Washingtonians kept their attendance down to 5,000 or 6,000 a night—a steady response, but not yet comparable to last year's 13,000 a night in Seattle.



Northwestern Mutual Fire Association Office Building, Los Angeles, California, designed by internationally-famous architect, Richard J. Neutra.

Three Types of Mississippi Glass Selected For Design of Contemporary Northwestern Mutual Office Building



A translucent partition of Structural Corrugated glass by Mississippi highlights building interior.

The smart design of this fine, contemporary structure takes fullest advantage of the properties of gleaming glass, the modern material, to achieve an overall feeling of warmth and unity that is as utilitarian as it is beautiful.

Translucent Mississippi Facrolite in the facade effects a striking, subdued contrast in the exterior and floods upper floors with softened daylight.

A unique separation with a practical partition of Structural Corrugated Glass helps keep the interior aglow with "borrowed light". These modern partitions are easier to erect and maintain than conventional materials and avoid that "closed in" feeling . . . give an atmosphere of spaciousness and friendliness.

More natural illumination for the interior is provided by skylights glazed with Mississippi Smooth Rough Wire Glass, selected for its properties of strength and diffusion.

Leading architects and designers everywhere select glass by Mississippi. Available in a wide variety of patterns wherever quality glass is sold.

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Why 55 million people read this unique magazine

● The February 1952 issue of The Reader's Digest, which marks its thirtieth anniversary, has by far the largest circulation and the largest readership of any magazine in the world. There are 26 separate editions,

including one in Braille and another on records for the blind. They appear in 11 different languages and have a total circulation of over 15 million. Each month more than 55 million people read the Digest.



"Again we are involved in war, but this time with far more of international complications and difficulties in finding peaceful solutions to our troubles. The Digest performs an invaluable service in translating these problems to the general public in understandable and unbiased form."

—GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL



"Not fearing the high-brow nor scorning the popular, spicing both with gleanings of wit, the Digest carries in 11 languages an intensely interesting and attractive picture of America to many foreign lands without the unpalatable flavor of propaganda."

—DOROTHY THOMPSON



"In one neat, time-saving package, The Reader's Digest hands us wisdom essential to an informed, alert citizenry in a democratic society. I have been brought up on the Digest in the thirty years in which it has blazed new magazine trails and become the publication marvel of our time."

—ERIC JOHNSTON
Former Economic Stabilizer



"The Reader's Digest is an important part of the 'must-kit' of information that every intelligent person needs."

—BERNARD BARUCH

Q. Where is The Reader's Digest bought and read?

A. In every country where people are free to read what they choose—58 by actual count. In addition, smuggled copies are read by thousands behind the Iron Curtain, frequently at serious personal risk.

Q. Where do the articles in the International Editions come from?

A. Every article has first appeared in the American edition of the Reader's Digest. More often than not, the same articles which were most popular in Kansas City and San Francisco turn out to be most popular also in Buenos Aires and Manila. *The Digest has proved that the basic interests of intelligent men and women are alike the world over.*

Q. Who are the 55 million readers?

A. In the United States, more college-trained and economically well-off men and women read the Digest than any other magazine. *Any one issue is read by 52% of all Americans who have attended college. Sixty-one percent of Digest readers are high school graduates, though only 36% of the American population in the same age groups have finished high school.*

Surveys show an equally high educational and economic level among readers of all the International Editions. In France, for example, more than twice as many people who are college-trained—more than twice as many of the well-to-do—read the Digest than any other magazine. The same holds true in Japan, Norway,

Canada and virtually every country where the Digest is published. *Digest readers have more education—have more money to spend than those of any other widely circulated magazine in the world.*

Q. Why is the Digest so popular among leaders in all walks of life?

A. Because each issue contains a wealth of ideas that stimulate thought and conversation. Because each issue is packed with material that extends mental horizons, quickens the imagination, whets one's curiosity. Because each issue gives one a keener zest for life and a sharper appreciation of the fine art of living.

Q. Do The Reader's Digest International Editions differ in any way from the United States edition?

A. Yes. The United States edition does not carry advertising, but all International Editions do.

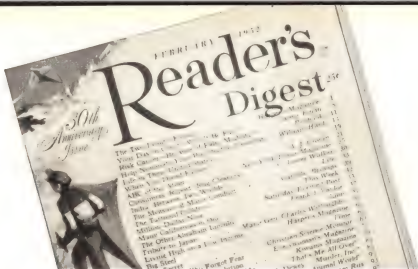
Each of these editions, wherever circulated, is an outstanding advertising medium. This is because of the Digest's large readership among intelligent people and its recognized prestige among people of influence in business, the professions and government.

Advertisers all over the world have responded eagerly to the opportunity to advertise in the pages of this magazine, every copy of which is read by more than three people.

The list of Digest advertisers includes the great names in industry in every country of the world, the export departments of the outstanding U. S. advertisers having much the largest representation.

There are four French-language editions of The Reader's Digest (for Canada, France, Belgium and Switzerland); four in Spanish (one for the Caribbean and Central America, one for Mexico and two for South America); eight in English (for the United States, Canada, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Latin America and Japan); two in German (for Germany and Switzerland); and one each in Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian and Japanese.

30th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—February 1952



WHAT U.S. AND INTERNATIONAL LEADERS SAY ABOUT READER'S DIGEST:

(The following comments have appeared in *The Reader's Digest* or are scheduled for publication)



"The Digest has proved that a free press is not limited by frontiers and oceans, and that a publication which presents the truth will be sought regardless of difficulties by those who seek truth."

—GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH
Director of Central Intelligence Agency



"I am greatly impressed by the profoundly practical idealism which has guided *The Reader's Digest* since its inception. Here is a most promising road toward a more solid and friendly understanding among people of all the world's nations."

—H. R. H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR



"The *Reader's Digest* has demonstrated that the people in this country and in many others can be interested in serious subjects. The Digest has become an important educational force."

—ROBERT M. HUTCHINS
Former Chancellor, Chicago University



"I have seen articles by and about Canadians published in Spanish, Norwegian, Japanese, Italian and various other languages by *The Reader's Digest* and I hope to see many more. The Digest tells 58 nations about each other. We cannot have too much of this free exchange of information if the world is to achieve trust and understanding."

—RIGHT HONORABLE LOUIS ST. LAURENT
Prime Minister of Canada



"*Reader's Digest* is contributing to the job of world-wide communication and understanding in a way that has always interested us at Pan American. It parallels closely our own efforts to bring peoples of the world closer together. And, because *Reader's Digest* is read everywhere by leaders of the business world, we find it a useful medium for our international advertising."

—JUAN T. TRIPPE, President
Pan American World Airways



"Through its unprecedented circulation among the free peoples of the world, *The Reader's Digest* has contributed remarkably to the advance in mass communication."

—MILTON S. EISENHOWER, President
Pennsylvania State College



"Civilization together with democracy progresses thanks to the diffusion of culture. *Reader's Digest* has given for 30 years a precious contribution to the diffusion of culture."

—VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO
Former Premier of Italy



"No other periodical in all America would be quite as much missed as would *The Reader's Digest*, should its compact, slim little figure disappear some month from our library tables, our book stalls, our newspaper corners, our conversation. Much love and long life to it."

—KATHLEEN NORRIS



"The goal of international understanding cannot be achieved by government-to-government action alone. There must also be a people-to-people expression of their work and hopes. On its thirtieth anniversary, *Reader's Digest* is to be congratulated for its part in people-to-people communication."

PAUL HOFFMAN, Former E. C. A. Administrator,
Now President, Ford Foundation



"The success of your Japanese edition attests to the universal appeal of *The Reader's Digest* and its value as a channel for international cultural exchange. May *Reader's Digest* grow and prosper further in its service to humanity."

—SHIGERU YOSHIDA, Premier of Japan



"The unparalleled world-wide appeal of *Reader's Digest* represents the triumph of readability, entertainment and substance. *Reader's Digest* has been a notable ambassador of American democracy and good will among the people of the world."

—SAM GOLDWYN, Motion Picture Producer

The READER'S DIGEST—Pleasantville, N. Y.

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turned cellophane into America's shopping bag?



Whether it's people or peanuts—Americans like to look things square in the eye.

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THE DOBECKMUN COMPANY *Cleveland, Ohio*
Creative Laminators of Films, Foils and Flexible Materials

BUSINESS & FINANCE

AGRICULTURE

The Grain Scandal

When he moved into Sudan, Texas (pop. 1,400) about four years ago, Offie Shannon was hardly noticed. A 46-year-old Texas farmer, Shannon went into the grain business, and he and his wife helped pour the concrete for his first grain elevator. But before long, he was the talk of the town. A one-man building boom, Shannon built close to \$750,000 worth of warehouses, stores and houses. He was elected president of the local chamber of commerce. In his spare time, Shannon wrote and started to film a movie on the life of Christ, with a cast of townspeople. He also laid plans to build a \$125,000



WAREHOUSEMAN SHANNON
\$5,000,000 could slip ...

theater that would have an indoor swimming pool. Sudanites sometimes wondered where Shannon got all his money, but nobody ever made a real inquiry.

Last week the secret was out. Shannon was charged by the Government with fraudulently selling \$869,161 worth of grain which he had stored (for pay) for the Agriculture Department's Commodity Credit Corporation. Even though he was the first to be nabbed and one of the biggest, Shannon wasn't the only one. Lindsay Warren's General Accounting Office last week reported that CCC was short more than \$3,800,000 in stored grain.

Horseyplay. After Warren's report, Secretary of Agriculture Charlie Brannan piously cried "politics." The uproar was as noisy and as flimsy, he said, as "crackers thrown into a fan."

But last week, after GAO filed its report, Brannan appeared before a Senate agriculture committee in a humbler mood. He apologized for his earlier crack about

politics, admitted that CCC had known about the shortages at the time. They were worse than GAO had estimated; Brannan testified that they might run as high as \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000. Some 30 warehouse operators are involved. Twelve have been hauled into court already, and investigation of the rest is in the works. The Agriculture Department also revealed that one Nebraska grain-elevator owner shot himself two days after he had been asked to deliver Government corn he was supposed to be storing.

The operators had a wonderful setup for their scheme. Every year, CCC lends billions of dollars to farmers on their crops. CCC also buys crops, for the support price, holds them in Government-leased warehouses until the market prices rises above the support price, then sells them. A handful of warehouse operators had been selling the grain when prices were high, hoped to replace it later with cheaper grain. But like the bank teller who borrows money from the till to play the horses and plans to pay it back when he hits a winner, many a warehouseman never got around to making up the shortage. Explained one grainman: "It has been going on for years. It just sort of crept up on 'em. Fellow would start out and maybe borrow a car of grain. Before you know it, he's involved and can't square up. CCC never was a business operation—too much of a family affair."

Bad Management. When the grain crop fell off last year and prices rose, the Government began reclaiming its crops to sell. When it found that some warehouses couldn't honor their receipts, the scandal broke. To Brannan the shortages seemed piddling compared to the \$10 billion in crops stored by CCC during the past three years. Said Brannan lightheartedly: "Five million dollars worth [of grain] could almost slip through cracks in the floor." Furthermore, he was pleased that no one in the committee had accused Agriculture of skulduggery. Said he as he left the hearing: "Our case is made. They don't claim fraud—just bad management." The committee was far from satisfied. It ordered a thoroughgoing investigation into the CCC to find out why the shortages were not discovered sooner.

AVIATION

Clipped Wings

Into a briefing room at the Pentagon last week filed 75 aircraft men to hear what production cuts they may expect under Harry Truman's pruned military budget (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Instead of the \$25 billion the Air Force had asked for fiscal 1953, it will now have to make do on \$20.7 billion.

The Air Force insisted that this means no change in the overall program to boost the Air Force from 95 to 143 wings. But instead of being completed by 1953, as first planned, the 143 wings will not be

finished until 1955 or 1956. Peak production will be lower and delivery lengthened. The aircraft industry's boom will be longer, but thinner.

Although mobilization officials minimized the change, many an aircraft-maker thought it was a drastic about-face. They said that the basic concept of the mobilization program, the "multiple source of supply," had been jettisoned. Under that theory, big production would not be concentrated in just one factory making a medium bomber; three factories would be tooled and output divided among them. Thus, all would be available for immediate mass production for total war.

Under the new stretch-out plan, aircraft builders agreed that the number of "mul-



SECRETARY BRANNAN
... through cracks in the floor.

multiple sources" ready for volume production is bound to diminish. Aircraft companies who have been farming out a big chunk of their work will probably shift more work back into their own plants. The result will probably be that some aircraft plants, scheduled to come into production, will be crossed off.

One gain came out of the new aircraft program. Production Expediter Harold R. Boyer said he had persuaded the Pentagon to "freeze" production on current models and stop the multitude of minor changes—one of the biggest obstacles to quantity production.

Nevertheless, the fact remained that the Pentagon's "period of maximum" danger, during which the U.S. will neither be fully equipped to wage aerial atomic war on the enemy or defend the country against aerial atomic assault, is being lengthened. The fact also remained that air power, on which the bulk of U.S. military strength is being concentrated, is having its wings clipped.



The plans and builds an enlightened "Workshop"



These men headed the planning group: (top) C. P. Pasek, Vice President in charge of Engineering and Properties for the 3M Company, and (below) Tom Ellerbe, noted St. Paul architect.

Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. folks fondly refer to their sparkling new St. Paul office building as the "workshop"—and you'd have to go a long way to find a better example of pleasant, comfortable working conditions.

Nowhere is the planning for employee comfort and efficiency more evident than in the building's lighting system. More than 3 miles of Day-Brite troffers furnish the lighting in critical seeing areas and in the corridors.

The choice of Day-Brite fixtures was characteristic of the planning group's insistence on finest quality building products. They demanded top lighting performance; they went to the nation's leading producer of fluorescent fixtures to get the results they expected.

The consistent quality of the Day-Brite line has earned the respect and confidence of thousands of architects and contractors. May we prove that a Day-Brite specification is the best and most economical answer to your school, factory, office or store lighting problem? Write Day-Brite Lighting, Inc., 5472 Bulwer Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.

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NOW, MORE THAN EVER
AMERICA MUST SEE WHAT IT'S DOING

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHEN IT'S



AUTOS

The New Models

In the parade of new 1952 models that automakers rolled out this week, there was one brand-new entry: the Aero Willys. Willys, which has not made a conventional passenger car since 1942, claimed that the Aero's six-cylinder, 90-h.p. engine gets more horsepower for its size than any other U.S. automobile engine. With overdrive (\$86 extra), Willys said the Aero can do 35 miles on a gallon of regular-grade gasoline. One big drawback: the small Aero (9-ft. wheel base, 2,570 lbs.) is high-priced. List price, without extras: \$1,824 to \$1,903 (L.o.b. Toledo), considerably higher than other small cars now on the market.

General Motors' new models looked the same on the outside, but under the hood there were some important changes. Biggest improvement was the use of a new carburetor in the Cadillac, Buick and Oldsmobile. When the accelerator is pushed down more than halfway, the carburetor supplies the engine with 45% more air than formerly, boosts horsepower as much as 20%. The new Cadillac is boosted from 160 to 190 h.p. The Buick Roadmaster, which also has a higher compression ratio, is increased from 152 to 170 h.p., and Oldsmobile from 135 to 160. The three cars also have, as optional equipment, a hydraulic power-steering device which helps the driver turn the wheel whenever he exerts more than 3½ lbs. pressure. (Chrysler introduced power-steering last year.)

If designs are pretty much unchanged, prices are not. Last week, OPS okayed a wholesale price boost for G.M., Hudson and Ford. G.M. dealers got word that the new Chevrolets will probably be \$60 to \$100 higher than in 1951. Oldsmobiles \$75 to \$110 higher, some Cadillacs \$135, Buicks as much as \$150.

RETAIL TRADE

The Night Owls

When Shoppers' World, an \$8,000,000, 44-store suburban shopping center, opened last fall at Framingham, Mass., 20 miles west of Boston, it tried an experiment. Its shops decided to stay open until 9 p.m. each Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The experiment worked so well that the stores stayed open five nights a week during the Christmas rush, and last week all but three of the shops decided to go right on staying open three nights a week. Reason: they did more business at night than in the daytime.

Their decision was the latest evidence of a great change in U.S. merchandising, the shift to night selling. The change is based on two facts: 1) people have more time to shop after working hours, and 2) the five-day week has changed Saturday, the traditional peak shopping day, into a "stay-at-home" day. Speeding the trend is the fact that the defense program, drawing more & more wives into the labor force, makes it harder for women to shop during the day. The National Retail Dry

Immediate delivery on desks and files

TOP QUALITY WOOD EQUIPMENT TO SPEED

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These new wood units are constructed to give

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NIGHT BUYERS AT FRAMINGHAM'S SHOPPERS' WORLD
Saturday is stay-at-home day.

James Coyne

Goods Assn. reports that in one year, the proportion of leading department and specialty stores open at least one night a week has jumped from 69% to 78%.

Said one Manhattan merchant last week: "The only remarkable thing is that it took stores so long to realize that it was silly to try to do most of their selling during the very hours when most people couldn't buy because they were working."

Quick Decision. Night-selling has brought remarkable changes in U.S. shopping habits. Women used to do most of the buying, frequently returning goods if their husbands disapproved; now whole families shop together. Not only are fewer goods returned, but with husbands along, retailers find more on-the-spot decisions on such "big ticket" items as TV sets, refrigerators and other heavy appliances. They move far faster at night than during the day, with the result that dollar volume at night frequently tops daytime shopping as much as 25%. Monday is the peak night-shopping day in many cities (34%). Thursday, a big-city favorite (21%), is a close runner-up.

Food stores, particularly supermarkets, were among the first to cash in on night-shopping. Chicago's Super Market Institute Inc., whose members own 6,048 stores, reports that 27% of them are now open every evening. None of them tops California's Hollywood Ranch Market, which has thrown the key away, employs three shifts to stay open 24 hours every day, including Sunday, finds its store almost as crowded at 3 a.m. as at 3 p.m.

At first most department stores bucked the trend, none more so than Manhattan's Fifth Avenue stores. They looked down their noses in 1937 when Franklin Simon first experimented with staying open until 9 p.m. Thursday nights. What changed their attitude was the loss of business to outlying shops which stayed open evenings. Today, out of 21 top Fifth Avenue

stores, only eight still keep their doors locked every night of the week.

Slow Revisions. One reason why many merchants dislike night hours is that they boost overhead (overtime pay, supper money, extra shifts, bigger light bills). Richard H. Rich, president of Atlanta's Rich's, terms the move to expand night shopping "a lamentable trend." But Sears, Roebuck, with three thriving Atlanta stores, stays open two nights a week. Says Sears' Southern Vice President Charles H. Kellstadt: "If you've invested millions in a plant, the more hours you use it the more you can reduce costs." More than any other merchandiser, Sears, by its aggressive selling, has been forcing the pace all over the U.S. In Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit and Milwaukee, it now stays open three nights a week. In addition, Sears, and many other stores, have a 24-hour telephone order service.

Against the argument, often raised, that employees don't like to work at night, Dallas' Sanger Bros. finds that 15% of its sales force asked for it; the bigger trade brings more in commissions. Furthermore, all merchants like the trend toward family buying. Families are buying items that individual shoppers might decide they could get along without.

FOREIGN TRADE

Why Point Four Fails

The Government's Point Four program to develop the economies of backward nations with private capital has been a flop. So George A. Sloan, chairman of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, told San Francisco's Commonwealth Club of California last week. The U.S. Government's grants and loans abroad have increased, said Sloan, from \$40 million in 1939 to an accumulative total of \$13.7 billion. But private investment is dwindling. In 1951's first

nine months it was \$583 million, little more than half of the amount in the corresponding period in 1950.

Point Four has failed, said Sloan, because the Government has failed to restrict its grants to those nations which will guarantee U.S. private capital against confiscation or unfair treatment. "Because no such declaration has been made," said Sloan, "many foreign governments have been looking on U.S. Government funds as a substitute for private American capital [and] are showing great reluctance to remove the obstacles to effective and sound economic developments." Though businessmen are willing to accept legitimate risks, they are not prepared to accept "ill-advised steps of confiscation, nationalization and general suppression of private efforts . . . We are not willing to accept . . . risks created by arbitrary action by foreign governments in the form of administrative decrees and procedures . . . and unreasonable controls." Until this "grudging or outright hostile" attitude is changed, said Sloan, Point Four will remain little but a dream.

Swap

The U.S. Government, which went on a buyer's strike against world tin prices last March, ended it last week. The terms of the settlement were something less than a U.S. victory. They were part of a U.S.-British swap of raw materials, worked out by President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill.

Britain will get steel—1,000,000 tons of it—in return for 20,000 tons of Malayan tin ore and 55 million pounds of Canadian aluminum. The U.S. will buy the tin outright at \$1.18 a pound, f.o.b. Singapore. The aluminum will be sold by Canada* with the understanding that the same quantity will be sold back by mid-1953, when U.S. plants will have expanded enough to ease the present shortage.

The tin price was a compromise. The U.S. wanted to pay \$1.12; the British producers wanted \$1.25. Since Malaya produces 34% of the world's tin, the new price may well establish the price pattern for Bolivian and Indonesian metal. In any case, the new flow of tin from Malaya will ease the drain on the U.S. stockpile.

The British purchases of steel will not begin until the second half of the year, and will not force any cut in domestic allocations. The Defense Production Administration will specify what kind of steel Britain buys, and probably will not steel in any shortest supply.

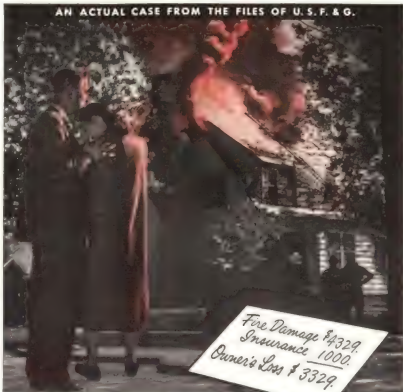
PERSONNEL

Mr. Think Jr.

As the son of Board Chairman Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines Corp., Tom Watson Jr. is fond of saying that he "takes real pride in being a

* A year ago the Aluminum Co. of Canada, Ltd. offered to sell the U.S. 200,000 tons of aluminum over a three-year period at a cent lower than domestic prices, but the R.F.C. rescinded the proposal after U.S. producers protested.

AN ACTUAL CASE FROM THE FILES OF U. S. F. & G.



The "Penny-wise" Homeowner who wouldn't listen

In 1947 a homeowner purchased a five year fire insurance policy in the amount of \$1,000 on his \$8,000 home. He said he had never had a fire . . . and never would have!

The agent urged him to take a policy more in line with the actual replacement value of his property. But the owner wouldn't LISTEN! He preferred to gamble with fire.

Four years later fire broke out, causing damage estimated at \$4,329. U. S. F. & G. promptly paid the full amount of the policy . . . but the owner was insured for only \$1,000. The "penny-wise" homeowner had saved a few pennies on premiums but lost \$3,329.



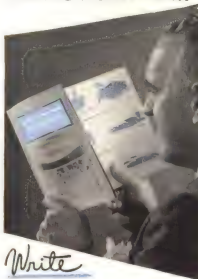
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great man's son." Last week 38-year-old Tom Jr. got a piece of news that both he and his father could be proud of. I.B.M.'s board elected Tom Jr. president of the company, replacing John G. Phillips, who steps up to vice chairman of the board and head of the executive committee.

Tom Jr. practically grew up in the business. Born in Dayton, Ohio, he accompanied his father on business trips by the time he was eight. Even before that, he grew acquainted with his father's trademark THINK, which was plastered all over the house. He has frequently been introduced as "Mr. Think Jr." He studied economics at Brown University, graduated in 1937 and made a name for himself at I.B.M. as a salesman before he joined the Air Force (he ended up a lieutenant colo-



THE TOM WATSONS
Real proud.

nel). He served a six-month stint in & out of Russia when he helped open the lend-lease ferry route from Alaska to Moscow.

Tom Jr. came back to I.B.M. in 1946 as assistant to the executive vice president, five months later was made a vice president, and in 1949 was named executive vice president (\$85,000).

As president of I.B.M., Tom Jr. sits at the head of a far-flung world empire of 485 sales managers, 366 offices and 17 plants. The company's sales and rentals have increased fourfold between 1941 and 1950. Earnings after taxes in 1950 were \$33.3 million, or \$12.05 per share. In 1951 they increased an estimated 20% more.

This week the Justice Department filed an antitrust suit against I.B.M., alleging that I.B.M. owns more than 90% of all U.S. tabulating machines, owns 95% of those used by the Federal Government.

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"They'll have to hurry if we're going to get a table. Everybody in Baltimore seems to like the Diamondback Lounge of the
LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL"

Teletype: BA263

and manufactures about 90% of all tabulating cards sold in the U.S. The trust-busters said that more than 6,000 I.B.M. machines earn an annual rental of about \$100 million. In 1951, the Federal Government alone paid \$25 million for rental of its machines. The Government wants to force I.B.M. to give the users the option to buy machines or lease them on a non-restrictive basis.

TEXTILES

Moving South?

Even though it is the biggest wool and worsted fabric maker in the world, American Woolen Co. has been badly scared by the textile depression. Its three-block-long mill in Lawrence, Mass., world's largest worsted mill, is running at about half speed, and its 21 other mills in New England are either running below capacity or have been shut down.

Last week American Woolen President Francis W. White stood up at a chamber of commerce dinner in Lawrence and sternly warned: "Our company is seriously considering moving all its operations out of New England."

White is a rockbound New Englander who still believes that "the best thing in New York is the 5 o'clock train to Boston." White also believes that "it's an economic crime for us to move out." But American Woolen may be forced to join the trek of New England mills south because "New England is at a great competitive disadvantage." Labor is cheaper in the South—up to 40¢ an hour less—but even more important "is the amount of work employees give for that wage." Man-hour productivity is so much greater in the South, said White, that Southern mills can undersell Northern mills 30¢ to 50¢ a yard. His company has already bought a mill in Raleigh, N.C.

Although American Woolen netted \$11.9 million in 1951, White said, "it would have been one of the worst years in our history" without Government contracts. High New England state taxes—three times as much as some Southern states—and unstable wool prices are factors, but it is the labor bill that really makes the difference between North and South. Last week, to back up his plan for cutting down the company's labor costs or quitting New England, White and 50 other textile manufacturers asked the Textile Workers' Union of America (C.I.O.) to negotiate new, lower-cost labor contracts this year.

From the union came a quick reply. It has already agreed to forgo wage increases in 1952, said the T.W.U.A., and it has no objection to increasing output where better machinery is installed. T.W.U.A. pointed to an agreement signed a fortnight ago with Wyandotte Worsted Co., under which individual work loads will be increased by close to 50% through the installation of improved machines. "If American Woolen's operations are inefficient," said T.W.U.A. Woolen-Worsted Division Chief John Chupka, "the blame could lie with management, not the union."



READY WHEN NEEDED

The GRUMMAN PANTHER is the latest of a long line of Navy Fighters. Like such famous predecessors as the WILDCAT and HELLCAT this fast, rugged turbo-jet was "ready when needed." Since the start of the Korean War it has distinguished itself in combat with Navy and Marine pilots at the controls.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Egypt's King Farouk, 31, and his second wife, Queen Narriman, 18: their first child (his fourth) and eagerly awaited their apparent to the throne; in Cairo. Name: Crown Prince Ahmed Faud. Weight: 7 lbs. 7 oz. (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Archduke Maximilian Eugene von Hohenberg of Habsburg, 56, younger brother of Charles Francis Joseph, last Emperor of Austria-Hungary; of a heart attack; at his home in exile, a hotel in Nice, France. Orphaned in 1914 when his mother and his father, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, were assassinated at Sarajevo—the spark that touched off World War I—Maximilian took command of an Austrian infantry battalion, won decorations for valor in fighting the Italians. After the Armistice, he was mostly in flight, in exile, or in the Nazis' "protective custody," ended up a forgotten anachronism living under the alias "the Count of Kyburg."

Died. Walter O. (for Owen) Briggs, 74, founder and board chairman of the Briggs Manufacturing Co., largest independent auto-body maker in the U.S., and since 1936 sole owner of the Detroit Tigers; of a kidney ailment; at his winter home in Miami Beach, Fla. The up-from-the-shop son of a locomotive engineer, Briggs at 27 was a junior magnate in Detroit's mushrooming car production. In 1907, after having trouble getting tickets to see the Tigers in their first World Series, he resolved that some day he would give Detroit a ball park with enough seats for all its fans, 30 years later spent \$1,000,000 to enlarge Briggs Stadium to 58,000 capacity. Said he: "I am just a fan."

Died. George Remus, 78, "King of the Bootleggers," who piled up millions during Prohibition, spent it all beating a murder rap (the victim: his wife, who was trifling with an FBI man); after long illness; in Covington, Ky. Originally a drug-gist, German-born Remus became a criminal lawyer, turned to bootlegging after seeing how easily he got acquittals for rich dry-law offenders. So wholesale were his operations that, on one occasion, a freight train chuffed into Cincinnati with 18 full carloads of liquor consigned to Remus. After shooting his wife in cold blood, he successfully defended himself on a plea of insanity. Sent to a mental hospital, he quickly proved his sanity and won his freedom by invoking the testimony of the prosecution's three alienists. Remus swore to the end that he "never tasted a drop of intoxicating beverage" in his life.

Died. Alvan Macauley, 80, longtime (1916-39) president and general manager of the Packard ("Ask the Man Who Owns One") Motor Car Co.; of uremic poisoning and pneumonia; in Clearwater, Fla. His favorite motto: "An hour of work" is better for America than "a dollar for dole."

Acetate...

*most glamorous of the man-made textile fibers
gets a name of its own*



NEW F.T.C. RULING RECOGNIZES SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ACETATE... CALLS FOR ACETATE IDENTIFICATION

On February 9th a new Federal Trade Commission ruling becomes effective which calls for the separate identification of acetate and rayon. This ruling gives acetate for the first time a name of its own. From now on this basic fiber, the backbone of so many beautiful textiles of all sorts, will be known and identified as "acetate."

With the tremendous growth of the chemical fiber industry and the introduction of many new special-purpose chemical fibers, it has become more important than ever to differentiate between them. Recognizing this, and at the urgent request of many consumer groups, the Federal Trade Commission has now issued this new ruling.

As pioneer and largest producer of acetate, Celanese salutes this forward-looking decision. And in view of acetate's spectacular growth to a level of half a *billion* pounds a year—without separate identity—we can only anticipate an enormously increased sale now that acetate has a name of its own.



Celanese

CORPORATION OF AMERICA, NEW YORK 16





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Our investment group including large family trust fund desires to purchase a substantial manufacturing business with large earnings before taxes. Would retain present management and personnel. Minimum net worth \$750,000. Box 2407 TIME 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Room for One More (Warner) makes an entertaining, sentimental comedy out of Anna Perrott Rose's 1950 bestseller about the trials and triumphs of foster parenthood as she and her husband experienced them. Playing the big-hearted Roses, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake (who are married in real life but have no children) apply limited funds and unlimited patience to raising two foster problem children, plus three of their own.

Mother Betsy, a soft touch for stray dogs and unwanted children, is always willing to rebalance the family budget to make room for one more. Grant, a city engineer on a fixed income ("And they fixed it good"), is almost as vulnerable, though he colors his generosity with the wry protests of an amiable fall-guy trapped in a family he never made.

The foster children, sullen and bitter beyond their years, would be the undoing of any more conventional home. Jane (Iris Mann), 13, is a rejected, distrustful child of divorced parents. The somewhat younger Jimmy-John (Clifford Tatum Jr.) wears braces for a leg deformity which, in setting him apart from other children, has sent him into a chronic bellicose silence.

Life with the Roses is one crisis after another, e.g., Jane's acid test as a baby sitter when all the formula bottles break, Jimmy-John's grim efforts to ride a bicycle or hike ten miles for a Boy Scout merit badge. Along the line, thanks to the long-suffering Roses, the problem pair finds understanding, love and finally the security that turns them into normal youngsters.

The movie's handling of child behavior, though too glib and sometimes doubtful, is unusually sound for a Hollywood film, fairly free of obvious tear-jerking, and shrewdly balanced with comedy. Delft writing and acting freshen even so ancient a running gag as the one about the married couple forever thwarted from going to bed together. As knowing in audience psychology as in child psychology, *Room for One More* rises above such lapses as treating an Eagle Scout badge-award ceremony with the solemnity of a coronation, or allowing the struggling, hard-pressed Roses to live in a house that is easily worth \$35,000.

I Want You (Samuel Goldwyn; RKO Radio) borrows its message as well as its title from a recruiting poster. The picture shows the impact of the Korean War on a movie-typical U.S. middle-class family and concludes fearfully that home ties must yield to the tug of patriotic duty. Producer Sam Goldwyn coats this sternly real subject with a shiny glaze of sentimentality.

The film's contrived script hits its characters with virtually everything that the Korean War can inflict on the home front. In the thick of these blows is Dana Andrews, a World War II veteran and re-



MANN, GRANT & DRAKE
Soft touches, hard-pressed.

serve officer, prospering as a contractor. He sees a young employee go off to the army and death in battle. He watches while the draft board takes his brother (Farley Granger) in the midst of a juvenile romance with the daughter (Peggy Dow) of the draft-board chairman.

Then Andrews learns that his old wartime C.O. is back in uniform and needs experienced officers. By that time his sense of duty has had such a workout that he has no trouble persuading his wife (Dorothy McGuire) to keep the home fires bravely burning for their two children while he volunteers for the Army.

The movie has a few good scenes, notably when Andrews' mother (Mildred Dunnock) smashes the World War I trophies of his father (Robert Keith), a professional veteran, and upbraids Keith for his blawhard jingoism and tall tales of wartime heroics. But most of the time, *I Want You* uses its characters as puppets in an object lesson, moving too dutifully through their paces to command belief.

It's a Big Country (M-G-M) is an omnibus film, possibly produced on the theory that its eight episodes would make it twice as good as *Quartet*. They don't. The movie opens with the thumping strains of *Stars & Stripes Forever* and a title announcing "This is a 'Message' picture. The message is 'Hooray for America!'" That is a pretty fair warning of what follows.

Each episode takes its own rosily superficial view of a different facet of U.S. life. The first two, no more than mildly entertaining, prove the best in the film. One is a brief curtain-raiser about a club-cab bore who insists on talking about the wonders of America, only to be squelched at length by a lecture on the immensity of



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the subject. The other accents the all-importance of the individual by showing the distress of a lonely old lady (well played by Ethel Barrymore) on being omitted from the final census report; a friendly newspaper editor (George Murphy) keeps Washington telephones jangling until a census taker shows up to reopen the national roster.

The rest of the film runs to such items as praise of the U.S. Negro, segregated in a sequence of newsreel clips picturing his progress and celebrities; a heavy-handed comic monologue on Texas by Gary Cooper; an elaborately false dialogue between an anti-Semitic mother and a Jewish veteran of the Korean War, who softens her by reading a letter on tolerance from his buddy, her dead son.

One interlude of cloying whimsy shows the consternation of a Hungarian-American who hates Greeks on learning that his daughter has married one of them; the two men finally pool their innate Americanism in a cup of "George Washington" coffee. The closing episode tells of an Italian-American who refuses to buy his young son spectacles for fear of making him a sissy, then relents and even gets a pair himself.

M-G-M Studio Boss Dore Schary, credited with the idea for *It's a Big Country*, as well as one of its stories, uses the picture to keep a batch of contract players out of idleness: Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Nancy Davis, Keefe Brasselle, Janet Leigh, Marjorie Main, Keenan Wynn, Lewis Stone, James Whitmore. They all work hard, and like the U.S. itself, will undoubtedly survive this soapbox opera.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. An extraordinary Japanese film, Oriental in style and mood, yet universal in its insight into the frailty of the human animal (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A German prisoner (Oskar Werner) sweats out a mission as a U.S. spy in Germany on the brink of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. Italian Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica's funny, exhilarating fantasy about a good-hearted youth in a wicked world (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. M-G-M's \$6,500,000 worth of spectacle in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an English public-school teacher burdened with humiliating failure until Playwright-Scripter Terence Rattigan helps him to straighten up (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Director William Wyler's exciting version of the Sidney Kingsley stage hit, with Kirk Douglas as the over-righteous detective and Eleanor Parker as his less-than-perfect wife (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness in a bright British farce-comedy about a staid bank employee who satisfies the inner criminal yearnings of a lifetime (TIME, Oct. 15).

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Brownstone Relics

THE PEOPLE WITH THE DOGS (345 pp.)—Christina Stead—Little, Brown (\$3.75).

Christina Stead is a globe-trotting Australian who has written caustic novels about failures in Sydney, high finance in Europe, black marketeers in Manhattan. The critics have generally praised her books, but the paying public has held back. Her new novel seems likely to get the same sort of reception. A snappish inquiry into the ways of men and dogs, it will appeal to those who take their reading extra-dry, their wit off-beat, their people eccentric.

This time, Novelist Stead's people are the genteel, moderately well-to-do Massines of Manhattan. There are two kinds of Massines: the ineffectual angels and the merely ineffectual. They like music, love dogs, hate snobbery and believe in family loyalty, but their will and ambition have gone soft. A bit decayed yet not decadent, they are rather like their 1,000-acre summer estate, an impressive old place that is slowly turning to weed.

Nothing very much happens to the Massines. Aunt Oneida suffers as her ancient bull terrier, Madame X, slowly dies, but Aunt Oneida soon has a new dog to fondle. Other Massines hang around their city apartments and summer home, chattering about the past, themselves and their dogs. The best of them, 33-year-old Edward, a kindly fellow of no particular occupation, startles the family by marrying an actress. This kind of thing is just what the Massines need, Novelist Stead implies.

During the years Author Stead lived in New York, she caught the big-city fever. Her book is full of its talk and humor, its weather and character. She has observed the manners of drug clerks, the delights of walking Manhattan streets ("rich and tender with neon") on a spring night, the friendly chaos of lower Manhattan life. She has an especially good eye for the Gramercy Park neighborhood, that sedate mixture of mild Bohemia and dusty elegance, with poverty just a step away.

The People with the Dogs has little drama, no memorable characters, and only limited significance. But its minor virtues are attractive. The Massines may be dying out, but they deserve to be noticed before they go.

Wise Man from the East

VENTURE WITH IDEAS (212 pp.)—Kenneth Walker—Pellegrini & Cudahy (\$3.25).

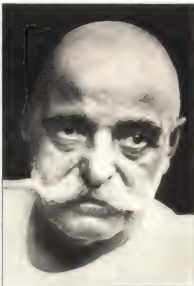
Kenneth Walker, eminent British surgeon, put his faith in the gods of Harley Street: scientific method and a good bedside manner. Off duty, he indulged his yen for the fanciful in a voyage to India, a flyer in Paraguayan railway shares, a children's book about Noah's Ark. The strains of 20th century life left him wishing, now & then, for a good latter-day ark. In 1923, a friend startled him by announce-



NOVELIST STEAD
The will has gone soft.

ing that "a small group of people now in London . . . has started building one." When Walker asked for the new Noah's name, he was told: "Gurdjieff."

Dr. Walker was curious to learn more about George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, and the more he learned the more fascinated he became. He decided that Gurdjieff was one of the most gifted philosopher-psychologists of modern times. Convinced of the value of Gurdjieff's teachings, Author Walker has now written *Venture with Ideas* in the hope that others will benefit as he has himself. With this approach, he naturally focuses on the master's ideas at



GURDJIEFF
The self is a sleepwalker.

considerable expense to the master's personality, which clearly deserves fuller treatment.

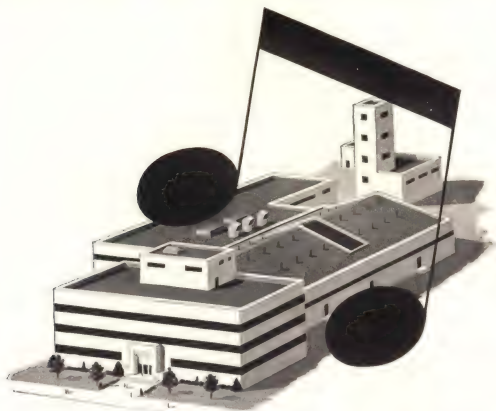
Sex Is Hydrogen 12. Gurdjieff seems to have been a remarkable blend of P. T. Barnum, Rasputin, Freud, Groucho Marx and everybody's grandfather. To his disciples, he was a great man, a modern saint. To doubters, he was an astute phony peddling intellectual narcotics to spiritual neurotics. But all sides seemed to agree that he had picked up, as he acknowledged himself, an astonishing amount of useful information.

He was born of Greek parents in Alexandropol, Russia in 1872. But Alexandropol was too confining. Young Gurdjieff ranged into Persia, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Tibet. On these journeys, Gurdjieff sat at the feet of fakirs, dervishes, "holy men" and temple dancers, sopping up unwritten lore. By 1915 he was creating a minor stir in Moscow with an oriental ballet troupe and proclaiming himself master of a "system" of "esoteric knowledge."

Some Muscovites decided that there was inspiration in his cabalistic utterances, e.g., that the universe is governed by "the law of three and the law of seven," and that the proper source of sexual energy is "Hydrogen 12." Gurdjieff picked up followers, funds, and his chief disciple, a stocky journalist and mathematician named P. D. Ouspensky. The Russian Revolution soon sent Gurdjieff and Ouspensky scurrying. Near Paris, at a Fontainebleau estate, Gurdjieff founded the Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man. Ouspensky ended up in London and established the Gurdjieff Institute. It was this "ark" that Author Walker helped to build, and it was under Ouspensky that he began to study Gurdjieff's teachings.

Sour Cream & Vodka. One line of his teaching was an intricate extension of the old Greek injunction: "Know Thyself." The self, said Gurdjieff, is a chameleon, altering with each whim and impulse. "A man decides in the evening to reform his habits and to get up earlier in the morning. But the 'I' that wakes up next day knows nothing about any such plan and has no intention of rising any earlier than usual." The self is a sleepwalker reacting blindly to external impressions. "Everything happens in us in the same way that changes in the weather happen." The self is locked in the prison of habit, and the chief habit is self-deception. One form of self-deception is "considering" other people. "We are entirely preoccupied with what they are thinking of us, whether they like us, whether they dislike us, whether they are giving us our due or not . . . It is a form of inner servitude."

To strip to his essential self, starch his will, and reform his character, a man must be awakened from "perpetual twilight" and "attain self-awareness." But the self, insisted Gurdjieff, is a very sound sleeper. It needs the rousing pinch of intensive self-observation, the alarm-clock shock of irritating tasks. At Fontainebleau, Gurdjieff put his followers through stiff paces. It was not unusual for a disciple to be routed out in the middle of the night, told



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to pack his things and move to another room. Frequently, no one was in bed at that hour, for Gurdjieff liked to keep his disciples up most of the night. During the day, tree-chopping might be assigned as a task, or intricate dances performed. Gurdjieff himself weighed more than 200 lbs., but he moved with the grace of a cat; he composed his own tunes to accompany the dances.

Dinner usually began with vodka toasts "to the 21 varieties of idiot." Gurdjieff liked to get new disciples sozzled, if only to get them relaxed and in a self-revealing mood. A fine cook, the master would sit at the head of the table doling out spicy vegetable concoctions dunked in sour cream. Years later, when Dr. Walker went to Paris to meet Gurdjieff and was admitted to his private room, he found the walls covered with tiers of groceries, boxes of candy, bottles of brandy and vodka. The master, himself, sat jammed against the shelves with a large chocolate fish sheathed in tinfoil swinging just above his enormous head.

Shearing the Sheep. At times, Gurdjieff would petrify his disciples by simulating fierce tantrums; then he would laugh like a hyena. To learn more of "the system" and keep the grocery stack high, the disciples dug deep into their bank balances. Gurdjieff referred to this process as "shearing" and rocked with mirthful spasms whenever the subject came up. On a 1931 trip to the U.S., reporters asked the master about his mission. Said he, deadpan: "I have come to shear sheep."

Gurdjieff happily went on shearing the sheep to the day of his death at the age of 77 in 1949. Long separated from his mentor, Ouspensky had died two years before. Today, dedicated groups continue "the work" on at least two continents, hold readings from Gurdjieff's *All and Everything*, a mammoth mish-mash of allegory, impish jest and bad writing. But it is not quite the same as when Gurdjieff was alive.

Behind Barbed Wire

SPARK OF LIFE (365 pp.)—Erich Maria Remarque—Appleton-Century-Crafts (\$3.75).

Herr Koller, known in the concentration camp only as 509, lay on the ground in the mild March sunshine. He was wearing the outer clothing of three men on top of his own, yet he was cold. Perhaps it was because he was so thin—5 ft. 10 and under 80 pounds. Below the hill on which he lay, the pleasant old German town looked orderly and serene. Then the Allied bombardment began.

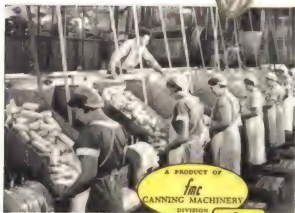
One bomb sent the whole railway station right up into the air, its golden cupola sailing over the trees. Another wrecked St. Catherine's Church. Watching from behind the barbed wire of the concentration camp, 509 felt a sudden soaring of the spirit. He crawled toward the camp barrack, determined to stay alive.

In *Spark of Life*, Novelist Erich (All Quiet on the Western Front) Remarque tries hard to write about something he



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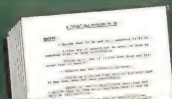
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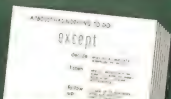


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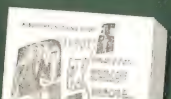
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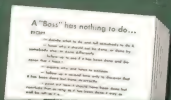
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knows only from the distance. A U.S. citizen now (he quit Germany in 1933), he had a look at what remains of Dachau and other concentration camps on a trip last year. But he has had to imagine his camp, Mellern, under the Nazis. Instead of the eyewitness experience that served him so well in *All Quiet* and *The Road Back*, he has delved into official reports and the eyewitness accounts of others. To suffer imaginatively the experience of the victims and mold it into a novel would require a modern Dostoevsky. Novelist Remarque can only be given good marks for an honorable try.

Mellern did not have a gas chamber, but it had a crematorium and it worked overtime. Fat *Obersturmbannführer* Neuhauer, the camp's director, had a chauffeur Mercedes, a Hitler mustache and a good stock of real cigars. He had persuaded himself that his was the most "humane" camp in the Third Reich. Weber, the assistant who actually ran Mellern, despised such sentiments; he frankly enjoyed turning living skeletons into dead ones.

Spark of Life describes Mellern during the last few weeks of the war. It is the now familiar picture of men tortured beyond endurance, of torturers drugged with their own sadism. Starving men like 500 were continually on the edge of death; it was a daily surprise to wake up alive. Then the bombings and the approach of the Allies fanned the spark of life and gave a few of them the courage to hold on. No. 509 tried too, but he did not quite make it.

Perhaps Author Remarque has tried to write his story too soon. Most likely, the enormity of the crime he tries to dramatize has swamped him. His story of faceless victims and soulless destroyers occasionally enrages the mind; it seldom engages the heart.

Tragic Pursuit

LEONARDO DA VINCI (561 pp.)—Antonina Vallentin—Viking (\$5).

Was Leonardo da Vinci a failure? A good many of his contemporaries thought so, and Leonardo gloomily agreed with them. It remained for posterity to decide that he was perhaps the most prodigiously gifted man who ever lived, the archetype of the Renaissance man.

Yet there is much to be said for Michelangelo's accusation that Leonardo squandered the greatest of his gifts—his genius as an artist. Antonina Vallentin concludes, in her excellent biography, that it was the "tragic pursuit of perfection" that kept Leonardo moving restlessly from field to field. First published in the '30s, and re-issued now for the 500th anniversary of Leonardo's birth, the book comes at a natural moment for a valuation of the great Florentine's life & work.

Palette & Lute. Leonardo was the bastard of a peasant girl and a small-town notary who finally brought the small boy to live with him. For eleven years, however, Leonardo was not much more than another mouth at the notary's table. At

16, he was shipped to Florence and put to the painter's trade with Maestro Andrea del Verrocchio because he had shown some flair for the palette.

In Verrocchio's workshops, to the awe of his master, Leonardo's genius unfolded. He learned in a few months almost all that Verrocchio could teach, and soared on through other arts and sciences. He soon played a lute, his countrymen said, more wondrously than any man alive; and the Florentine scientist, Paolo Toscanelli, found the country boy his most precocious pupil.

Leonardo in those days was a handsome young demigod, so strong that he could break horseshoes with his bare hands. In any group he would have been the center; it was his misfortune to become the center of a group which numbered several effeminate. At 24 he was indicted for



LEONARDO DA VINCI

The goal was perfection.

sodomy. He was acquitted, but only after a relentless inquisition.

Lost in the Vaults. Restless and unhappy, Leonardo turned to study and speculation. He deserted Florence for Milan, left Milan for Mantua, tried Florence and Milan again, then Rome and finally France. Time & again he proposed to his patrons works of such colossal size that they could be executed only in the vaults of Leonardo's own vast imagination. It seemed almost as if he wanted his projects to be refused, so that he could go on brooding over more of them.

Yet from his dreams Leonardo wrung some amazing realities. He took up military engineering, and invented prototypes of the machine gun, the tank, the explosive shell, the submarine. Turning to municipal planning, he conceived a city with two-level highways. He designed the first power loom, the first rolling mill, the first differential gear, the first picture projector. His studies in anatomy, hydraulics, mechanics, optics carried him centuries ahead

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of his day. Even his amusements made history: he invented a musical instrument that anticipated the harpsichord; he improved the printing press, rigged a style of oil lamp that was used until the 19th century, wrestled with ideas for human flight, and built an ineffectual airplane with flapping wings.

Even when Leonardo turned his attention to painting, the picture was often brought to nothing by his passion for tinkering. The grand mural depicting the Battle of Anghiari was completely lost because an experimental lacquer, one of Leonardo's latest notions, dissolved. *The Last Supper* early began to fade, partly because Leonardo chose to use an experimental tempera. Of all his paintings, only two or three, including the *Mona Lisa*, survive relatively unimpaired.

Journey for Nothing. Leonardo comforted himself with violent denunciations of the world, expressed in some of the most savage cartoons ever drawn, and in cruel diatribes in his notebooks. "There are men," he would burst out, "who deserve to be called nothing else than passages for food, augmenters of filth, and fillers of privies!" He never married. He hated the ties of family. When his half-brother wrote him of the birth of a son, Leonardo congratulated him on "having provided yourself with an active enemy whose one desire will be for the freedom which cannot be his until you are dead."

Yet all the while, in noble or spiteful silence and in a kind of childlike simplicity, Leonardo pushed his researches farther & farther into the unknown. It was an intellectual journey as far and daring as any ever made by the human mind, but as far as his contemporaries were concerned, the trip was taken for nothing—and Leonardo knew it. He died embittered, without having published any of the results of his studies.

RECENT & READABLE

The Confident Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of U.S. literature (TIME, Jan. 7).

Barabbas, by Fär Lagerkvist. The story of a repressed cutthroat who was haunted to the end by the memory of Golgotha; a fine novel by the 1951 Nobel Prize winner (TIME, Dec. 3).

Closing the Ring. Volume V of Winston Churchill's incomparable history of World War II (TIME, Nov. 26).

Gods, Graves & Scholars, by C. W. Ceram. The big men and big moments of modern archeology; proof that digging can be dramatic (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (TIME, Nov. 12).

Life's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (TIME, Nov. 5).

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry. Touchingly intimate self-revelations by the author of some of the finest short stories in the language (TIME, Nov. 5).

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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK . . . IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

MISCELLANY

Radioactive. In Evanston, Ill., arrested the third time for stealing the same portable radio, Norwood Hadley explained: "I just love that radio."

The Sheltered Life. In Saint Joseph, Mich., Robert Smith, suing for divorce, charged that, when at the movies, his wife made him go outside and stand in the lobby of the theater during scenes which showed "bathing suits or abbreviated costumes."

Return in Leaves. In Menasha, Wis., a few days after Mrs. John Gillingham lost her pocketbook containing \$500, it was returned to her in the mail, containing \$1,810.

Quick Diagnosis. In Manhattan, wounded by a holdup man, hospitalized Sam Klein took one shocked look at the new patient getting into the next bed, frantically cried: "That's the guy who shot me."

Duck Call. In Cleveland, Edward Anen, manager of a linen rental supply firm, glanced at the name and serial number inside a pair of white duck pants a customer had returned by mistake, excitedly telephoned his ex-Seabee son that the pants he lost on Okinawa during the 1945 typhoon had turned up.

Still, Small Voice. In Los Angeles, the office of the city treasury received \$50 and an unsigned note from a civil servant: "This is the money that I feel I have stolen by loafing."

Homework. In Los Angeles, Boxer Alfonso ("Apples") Arenas' bride of five months sued him for divorce, tearfully explained to the court that she could no longer take being used as his sparring partner.

To Conclude . . . In Tulsa, Okla., Mrs. Emma Conway complained to police that her husband, after a spat, had: 1) mixed alcohol with her cosmetics, 2) smeared sulfa cream on her clothing, 3) cut the straps off her shoes, 4) dumped a hot roast with gravy all over the kitchen, 5) broken the bedroom mirror and two flower vases, 6) slashed her brassieres to shreds.

Old-Fashioned Way. In Corpus Christi, Texas, Policeman Tom Goates emptied his pistol at a fugitive, missed, irritably threw the weapon and felled his man with a direct hit.

Researchers. In Asheville, N.C., receiving a report of a dangerous hole in the street, a police squad car hurried to investigate, telephoned headquarters that their car had fallen in.

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